

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKI, Of the Russian Navy.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Brady for a fine photograph of the naval representative of the Czar, now the recipient of the marks of friendship manifested by the American people. The fleet left the Gulf of Finland under his command early in August, and was 56 days in reaching our harbor, having sailed around by the northern shores of England.

Admiral Lisovski, the commander, one of the ablest and most experienced Russian naval officers, impresses all with his courteous and gentlemanly manner, as well as by the apparently high qualifications of a superior officer. The late Russian war gave the navy no opportunity for action; and the Czar doubtless prepares for future exigencies by placing his fleet on the Atlantic, near the friendly ports of a nation whose enemies are his own.

The honors paid to Admiral Lisovski at New York are too many and too well-known to need a repetition of what has so recently appeared in our columns.

## THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL MEADE, whose forces had been weakened to reinforce the army of the Cumberland, was no longer in a condition to hold the position so long and so often occupied by our army, and on Oct. 10 began to fall back towards Washington, covering his retrograde movement so completely that Lee was foiled in all his attempts to gain his rear, annoy his flanks or crush his rearguard. Our Artist shows his army recrossing the Rappahannock, and also scenes on the battlefield of Bristoe station. As we state else-

where, Lee, threatened on his rear and baffled in front, on the 16th made a rapid retreat.

## THE SIOUX WAR.

We add to our previous sketches of the Sioux war, with its thrilling episodes and adventures, the gallant repulse by the cavalry under Capt. Davis of an attack by the Indians on a forage train, just as they were arranging to camp between the James and Missouri rivers. This gallant affair took place on the 26th of July, two days after a complete defeat of a



REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKI, OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—FROM AN IMPERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



— We are promised some interesting works this winter. M. Edmond About is getting ready a "Life of Voltaire"; M. Arsène Houssaye is working on "Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau"; M. Gilbert has nearly completed a life and a new edition of the Works of de La Rochefoucauld; M. Prosper Mérimée, the discoverer of the manuscript of Pascal's "Pensées," is about to publish an abridgment of *Les Essais de La Rochefoucauld*, which I have recently found; M. Edmond Scherer is going to give us a history of the Old Academy of Belles Lettres; M. Ernest Renan is preparing a work on the sacred origin of nations; M. E. de Courmoussier is correcting the last proofsheets of a work entitled, "*Sermones de M. de Meaux: Mémoires de M. de Meaux, d'après les manuscrits originaux*;" it will contain not less than 14 unpublished treatises, a medieval music. We were to have a new—*the XV*—volume of M. Michelet's "History of France," which we have never yet had, devoted to the Regency, which would have suited very well M. Michelet's pen; but a card of M. Chamerois, publisher, announces that "an unexpected circumstance" has retarded the issue of this volume; its publication is indefinitely postponed. The late M. Boile-Comte (who is not to be confounded with the diplomatist who represented the Tuilleries at Washington

The young son of the baron, and father of the doctor, was like his immediate ancestor, decidedly military in his inclination, and served as colonel and commanding lieutenant in brilliant corps of the Austro-Hungarian troops before the outbreak of the world war. Accordingly placed him at the University of Pesth, in the capital of Hungary. The University, of course, is not a military institution; but it was natural that, having graduated with the honors, he should commence military studies and a talented brother of a colonel Austria's famous gear-raisers. The doctor's maternal grandfather was a physician, and his father, who early exhibited a strong desire for intimate acquaintance with the mysterious of anatomy, of which, obtaining the reluctant consent of his parents, he became an enthusiastic student, and in due time graduated at the head of his class, with the honorable diploma of *artium magister and medicus doctor*. With these certificates of a scholarship the doctor was not, however satisfied. He visited the various cities of Europe where the most eminent lecturers on pathology and







## THE GIANT BALLOON.

PARIS has just been enthusiastically admiring an enormous balloon got up by the "Société Générale d'Aérostation et d'Autolocomotion Aérienne"—(they do everything by Societies now) which about the 1st of October made its first ascent from the Champ de Mars. All Paris was there to see it, and dragoons guarded the street openings, and infantry all other approaches. The flaming handbills had described the monster, which would carry up a house not a basket car. The balloon is indeed far beyond all its predecessors. It is 90 metres, nearly 100 yards in circumference, and 180 feet high, and requires 6,000 cubic metres of gas to inflate, nearly double that used in Delcourt's monster balloon.

The Giant, as projected, and as represented in our engraving, is composed of three parts: Firstly, of a balloon consisting of two thicknesses of white silk of identical quality, sewn entirely by hand and double-stitched (the labor required for the fabrication of this immense varnished silk bulb employed upwards of 200 women during a month); secondly, of a small receiving-balloon, called the "compensator," placed beneath and connected with the larger one, to receive the excess of gas caused by the dilatation of the Giant in the higher atmosphere, and thus prevent its waste, and enable the aeronauts to preserve the means of prolonging their voyage; and, thirdly, of the car, or what replaces the car of former balloons, but is, in reality, a small oblong house, consisting of a ground floor and a gallery, the entire dimensions being about 8 ft. in height by 13 ft. in length.

The space is cleverly disposed so as to comprise a small printing office, a photographic department, a refreshment-room, lavatory, a compartment for the captain's bed and the luggage of the travellers, and a compartment at the other end for three beds.

The Giant, for the construction of which 20,000 yards of white silk, at six shillings a yard, was required, has been produced under the active superintendence of M. Nadar, of the Boulevard des Capucines, who asserts that he has discovered, or will discover, the means of travelling in the air by the employment of the screw-propeller. The Giant has only been created as a means for gaining sufficient money by its exhibition and voyages to enable him to carry out his confidently-expressed ideas with respect to his new system of Aérostation.

The first ascent made without the compensator was peculiarly very successful. Thirteen persons made the ascent, including the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne and a negro. One hundred and fifteen thousand francs, or \$20,000 worth of tickets of admission were sold.

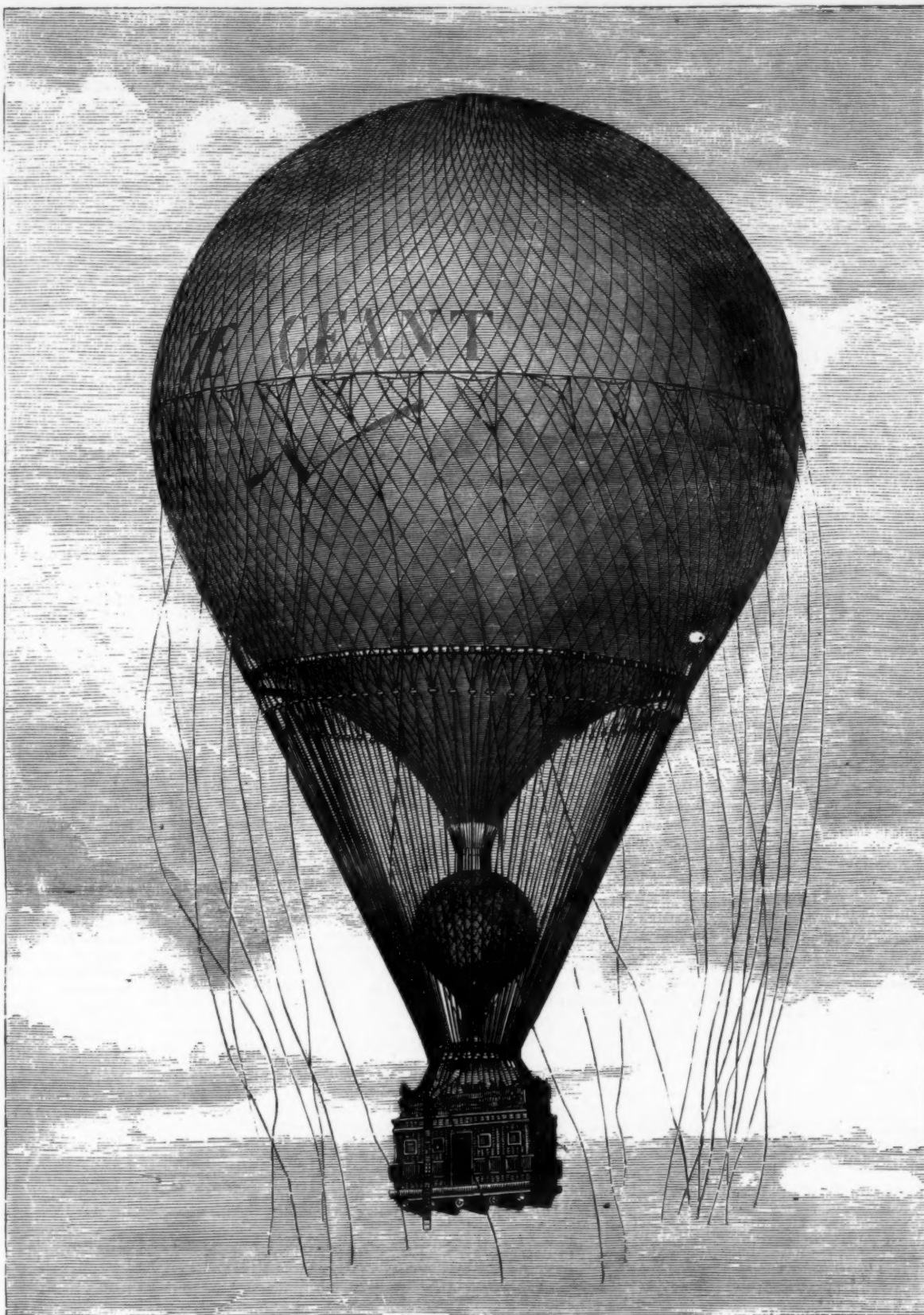
During the three hours occupied by the inflation, two military bands entertained the spectators by performing selections from the most popular operatic music. At 3 o'clock the Giant looked like an immense unripe orange in the midst of the vast sandy plains of the Champ de Mars, and about this time the car, or nacelle, was brought on to the ground on a van drawn by four white horses, conducted by postillions, and paraded to satisfy the curiosity of the visitors, amongst whom might be seen the Annamite Ambassadors and their suite, and a squadron of gay Spahis on their spirited horses.

The outside of the construction presented a droll appearance, with its exposition of fowling-pieces, speaking-trumpet, grappling-irons, hatchets, hares, geese, pheasants, vegetables, etc., the condiments

being gaily ornamented with ribbons. At length the car was brought alongside the great inflation, the ballast and provisions were put on board, the travellers took up their positions on the platform of the

gallery, and, after some preliminary manœuvres, the gallant Capt. Nadar gave the word, "Lâchez tout!" in stentorian tone, and Le Géant, taking a northerly direction, ascended majestically amidst the

to progress, but the negro engineers soon got to work, and wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow carried the brick ashore, after which steamers easily removed the vessels.



"LE GEANT," A MONSTER BALLOON JUST EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

acclamations of at least half a million of people.

The Giant descended in the marshes of Bercy, at two leagues from Meaux.

## LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

ANOTHER capital of a rebel State occupied by the American forces, leaving only that of Texas west of the Mississippi to float the flag of secession. Little Rock, for a time called by a Greek title, Akropolis, and Latinized by its last bishop under the name of Petricula, lies on the south bank of the Arkansas river, about 300 miles from its mouth, and about 1,000 miles from Washington. It is situated on a rocky promontory, or bluff, which is remarkable as the first met on ascending the river, although the name is derived from a smaller island-rock below. The State House is a fine brick edifice; and the city contains also a United States Arsenal, held by Gen. Totten when the war began, but recently used as a machine shop; the State Penitentiary and six Churches, adorning its wide and well shaded streets.

Our Artist sends a sketch of Little Rock, viewed from the north bank of the river two miles below the city. On the opposite bank is the encampment of the 2d Carolina brigade, which, on the 10th of September, led by their invincible commander, Col. John M. Glover of Mo., drove, step by step, more than ten times their number of rebels from the thick woods just behind their present position. Gen. Steel's infantry division advancing up the north bank found the forts (Nos. 1, 2 and 3) and other earthworks evacuated. Gen. Price, having anticipated or discovered the crossing of the cavalry below, had withdrawn his whole force across the river in order to overwhelm the little band of brave men, who could not retreat and recross the river without great loss; but though his first assault upon the advance was partially successful and two pieces of artillery fell into his hands, ere night closed the scene his buttrenut crew was completely routed, and the ensign of American liberty waved triumphantly over the capitol of Arkansas.

## THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

OUR Special Artist sends us a series of interesting views, illustrating the operations of Gen. Weitzel on the Bayou Teche. One represents the arrival of the steamer A. G. Brown at Tarleton's plantation with supplies for Weitzel's 1st division of the 19th army corps. Another the town of Centerville, La., now occupied by the 116th New York volunteers, Col. Love, and a section of regular battery L, as a cover to scouting parties. Before the war Centerville, which is in St. Mary's parish five miles from Franklin, the seat of justice, and 60 miles from the Gulf, had a population of about 200. Another sketch depicts the 3d Engineers, Corps d'Afrique, Col. G. D. Robinson, removing the obstructions placed in the bayou at Cornie's bridge by the rebels, in the vain hope of impeding the progress of the American army. These obstructions consisted of schooners loaded with brick and sunk, scows similarly filled and sunk on top of the schooners. These, with the old bridge, made rather a troublesome impediment to progress, but the negro engineers soon got to work, and wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow carried the brick ashore, after which steamers easily removed the vessels.



LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, NOW OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT AYRAU, 3RD MISSOURI CAVALRY.



THE BROOK.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

A WAIF of the dews and the showers,  
At the mountain's sweet breast nursed,  
Looked over the ledges shilly,  
A scared wild thing at first.

Below the enamored valley  
Beckoned and waiting stood,  
Till the brook's feet, silver sandaled,  
Stole down to the maple wood.

Ah! little one of the mountain,  
The beeches, and sassafras,  
And even the sad pines, nodded,  
As you merrily tinkled past.

Lilies and slender grasses  
Hand in hand trooped with you,  
While the slow-footed ferns and mosses  
Rested, but followed you too.

Cooled by the upland breezes,  
Yet holding the slumberous glow  
Of the south sun-slopes in your bosom,  
Child of the fire and the snow!

It was well, since the valley entreated,  
An Eden, to crown you its Eve,  
That accepting its sweet adulation,  
You love, and love's guerdon receive.



THE GNOME  
OF THE  
GREEN MOUNTAINS.

A STORY OF THE GROTESQUE.

By J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.

FIFTEEN years ago there stood (and may stand still, for aught I know) a rough hostelry in a singularly wild and heavily wooded region upon the upper waters of the Deerfield river. The Deerfield rises in the heart of the Green Mountains, and, after many various fortunes of field, forest, farm and meadow, finds its way into the Connecticut, in Massachusetts. Up in south-western Vermont there are two principal branches to the greater stream, and upon the western one of these—or near it—was located the little hotel I speak of.

At the time whereof I write there were few who came that way, saving occasional sportsmen, lured by the neighboring trout streams in the summer, or peripatetic vendors of "Yankee Notions."

This little hostelry was situated some five miles above the village of Reedsboro, on the river, and no doubt many a reader of Frank Leslie will remember bluff and hearty Tom Kennedy who kept it, with his jolly red face and his hearty, honest laugh.

People had not then discovered the Adirondack fishing regions; only a few went up to the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, and Lake George and the White Mountains were considered too tonnish for sport with the angle, as good old Isaac Walton termed it, what time he cast his line on the waters of the gently murmuring Dove. So a large number of our best New England sportsmen went up to Reedsboro.

But the "knowing ones" always left the village behind and pushed on up to "Kennedy's tavern." It was situated in a valley—this brown and ancient hostelry—in a sort of basin among the hills. There was a broad, flat meadow before the house, through which flowed calmly the west branch of the Deerfield, several smaller trout brooks pouring their mite of water into its heavier flood.

On every hand rose great hills, their heavily timbered sides climbing up gradually skyward, pine above pine. In the rear of the house towered the mountains, sharp and steep, their sides cleft by many ravines, through which rushed down tumultuous torrents, all abounding in trout. Within two miles distance were two or three large ponds (they would call them lakes in England) all—at that time—full of fish, and all easy of access to the sportsman who should stop with Tom Kennedy. There was no wonder then that his house was patronized during the trout season.

For the house itself, it was a brown, two storey building. For the accommodations, one generally washed at the pump outside, and ate with the family. What they had the guests had. If a sheep had been killed in the neighborhood, one could return (from fishing) to his mutton, with the other inmates of the hotel. Otherwise it was generally



DR. JOHANNES VON EISENBERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 98.

fried salt pork and potatoes, with occasional apple pie, sweetened with molasses. Brown bread, too, and all with a hearty welcome that forbade all criticism of the fare.

I presume that some of my readers will remember the place. Few who have been there will forget the fine fishing that could be had from the hotel down the west branch, through the narrow gorge in the mountains. They will remember the dark pools where the big trout lay, and the foaming cascades, through which the waters found escape as they struggled away from the close-embracing masses of rock.

They will remember, also, that for about two miles between the village of Reedsboro and the old Kennedy tavern, the rocks on either side of the stream are positively "cramped full" of garnets. Not a very precious stone to be sure, but there they lie, millions upon millions, bedded in the brown boulders that obstruct the stream here and there, and in the rocks that line its shores.

They will also recollect that, in a north-westerly direction from the tavern, comes down a brook, emptying into the larger stream, whose whole course is one continual fall and tumble through the dimmest and darkest of dark ravines. On either hand rise high rocks.

Gazing away upwards one discovers frowning crags, sinister and awful in their aspect. Listening, one hears only the roar of continual waterfalls. There is no brightness there, for there the sun never comes; there is nothing but the rush of waters, the rustle of dead leaves. Nothing but one thing—in all the pools there are trout, which are what the sportsman seeks.

As they emerged from its gloom into the light that makes cheerful the little plain where stands the old brown tavern, did it ever occur to them that perchance that dreary darkness covered something more than a simple stream, with certain trout in it? It never did to me—though I had fished in it often—till the last time I visited Kennedy's tavern. That was in 1850; thirteen years ago.

I arrived there on a dismal afternoon in the latter part of May. The day had turned rainy, and the entire sky was heavy and gloomy with clouds that shut out the blue heavens and closed down with a gray dreariness over the little vale. There were lights in the windows of the bar-room, for though not yet nightfall by the clock, it was dark enough for almost any hour of the evening. The light shining out upon me had a cheerful effect. I already felt warmer and more comfortable, and



The Gnome King introduces his Daughter to Cabo.

when Dwight Kennedy, Tom's younger brother, came out to take charge of my horse, and the open door showed a great fire of logs blazing on the hearth, it was equal to almost any medicine that could have been prescribed for a severe attack of cold.

Indeed I was cold; what with the chill blast rushing through the valley and the drizzling, penetrating rain that had fallen for hours.

Inside was jolly Tom. Red-faced, burly and hospitable, he stood behind his bar, serving out liquors of some sort to two or three of those odd loafers who always hang about far-away country taverns, and who live no one can tell where or how. There were three or four other men in the room, sitting around the fire, smoking clay pipes and gazing silently into the blaze.

Tom came forward and greeted me cordially. There was a laugh and a hearty "God bless you" in his person, from the top of his curly brown head to the soles of his cowhide boots. Even his buckskin waistcoat, with its pearl buttons, like slightly reduced dinner-plates, smiled upon me and made me welcome.

"Glad to see you, again, sir," Tom said. "Glad to see you, again, sir," said old Tom's portly person. "It's a year since you was here last," said Tom, "and I'm glad it's no longer;" and again all Tom's personnel cordially joined in the statement.

Such a welcome, such a bright warm fire, such a relief from the storm outside, operated like a charm. I was no longer cold and dismal. I dried myself before the fire while my room was being prepared, and, quite comfortable and cheerful, I retired very early to my pillow. Outside all was black and horribly lonesome. Some smoldering fires, where great brush heaps were being burned on a far-away hillside, only made everything about them more dreary by their dull, red light.

When I arose in the morning it still rained; a cold, unpleasant rain.

"No trouting for a week," said Tom. "The snow ain't all gone in the hills, and this everlasting rain 'll have ris all the brooks. It's rained up here most a week."

Not so pleasant this! No trouting in a week, and I only up here for the purpose of trouting. Oh, Tom! Tom! your jolly face was more of a blessing last night than it is this morning. What shall I do?



Awful Appearance of the Gnome.

Tom didn't know. Neither did I, so I filled and lighted my meerschaum (meerschaums are a humbug, but they hadn't invented briarwood then) and sat down to smoke. Sat down and smoked and chatted with Tom.

Presently I asked him why he always had ham and eggs (and nothing else) for breakfast. He didn't know. I didn't either. That question and answer having used up my conversational powers for the time, I fell into rather a blue study.

"Speaking of ham and eggs," said Tom, after a time, "do you remember that there Cabot who was here last year?"

I said I didn't.

"Guess he come after you left," said Tom.

"He was a queer fellow, sartin."

"How so?" I asked.

"One thing—he never paid me," said Tom.

"No so different from a good many other men," I suggested.

"And then," continued Tom, not noticing my interruption, "he was sort of crazy, or something. He went off one morning a fishing up that north brook, and he never came back till the next noon. We was getting terribly scart, and Dwight was just a going to start out and try to find him, when in he come, the strangest sight you ever see. He had lost his hat somewheres, and he hadn't no rod nor no fish basket; his face was as white as a sheet, and he trembled and shook like he had the ager. I never see such a sight! He had grown ten years older, by looks, than he was when he went out the day before, and there was wrinkles in his face that never was there till now. He didn't say nothing to nobody, only he said to me, 'Mr. Kennedy' (for he always called me 'Mr.'), he said to me, 'give me some brandy.' I gave it to him, and he drank most a tumblerfull. Then he crept shivering and shaking up to the fire (for I always keep the bar-room fire going here away into June), and sat down, and tried to warm himself, and the more he tried the more he couldn't, but kept a shivering and shaking. By-and-bye he took another glass of brandy, and then he said he'd have some ham and eggs, of which he had always been powerful fond. So I had some cooked for him. Then he took



some more brandy. Then he went up-stairs, and he stayed up-stairs three days, eating ham and eggs and drinking brandy the most part of the time. Then, on the fourth day, he came down, and said to me, 'Mr. Kennedy, I'm a going away to-day. You've kept me well, and I presume Dwight has taken good care of my team. I've left some papers up in my room that I want you to keep till I return. Please have Dwight harness up the horse.' So Dwight done it. Then he put his valise in the buggy, said 'good-day,' and drove off. And it wasn't," said Tom, leaning back in his chair and gazing at me with amazement staring out of his honest blue eyes and creeping down over his broad face; "it wasn't till the next day that I remembered he hadn't paid his bill! But then I expected him back. I swan to man I was never so took in, in my life!"

"But why do you think he was crazy?" said I.

"Oh, them papers he left," said Tom. "I can't make head nor tail of 'em. All about meeting a goblin up there on that north brook. Dwight nor I won't fish there sence we read them papers!"

Now this "north brook" was the stream of which I have spoken as rushing tumultuously down through the narrow and gloomy glen in the mountains. I felt interested.

"May I see the papers?" said I.

"Sartin," said Tom, and he went to a private drawer he had behind the bar and produced a roll of manuscript.

I amused myself for several hours deciphering them. The hand was bold and sharp, somewhat like a lawyer's; hard to read, like that of most attorneys. The style, though not elegant, was terse and strong. The subject matter was of so wild and unnatural a nature that no lawyer who hadn't been "retained" by the Old Nick himself could have written it in his sober senses.

Employing the third person instead of the first (in which it was written), and cutting out much irrelevant matter, I here give

#### THE STRANGER'S STORY.

One Mr. Cabot, a gentleman of leisure and means, much given to enjoying the innocent pleasures of life and particularly fond of angling, made a little trip up to the head waters of the Deerfield in the spring of 1849. (It is well to be particular about dates in relating adventures that, without some substantial evidence, might be considered too remarkable for belief.) He drove his own horse and buggy, and carried with him all the appliances needed by the most fastidious of sportsmen.

After nearly a week of excellent sport on the larger streams in the vicinity of his stopping-place, he determined, one evening, to try the next day a mountain torrent, known in the vicinity as the North Brook, which, he was assured, was alive with trout, which, though of a small size, rarely reaching a quarter of a pound in weight, were generally remarkable for their greediness, and would take the hook, in all the little rocky basins, nearly as fast as he would care to pull them out. Hitherto he had used the fly in fishing; for this stream he must take worms for bait, and use a short line, the overhanging brush forbidding any other mode of angling.

So he made all his preparations over night, and started out bright and early for his day's tramp. He found his anticipations more than realized. The brook fairly swarmed with trout, and before noon his basket was overflowing. He had never had such sport. Nearly every cast brought its trophy. The day was fine, the air clear and bracing, and when he sat down to take a lunch, to which exercise and fine spirits had given an extra sauce, he felt himself the happiest man in the world. After lunch he emptied his basket upon the ground beside him, wrapped its treasure of trout in cool, green moss, plucked on the borders of the rushing and brawling little stream, and prepared to continue his upward ascent of the gorge.

First he gazed about him for a moment. Hitherto, busy with his pleasure, he had only noticed that the glen he traversed hardly permitted passage for the leaping waters, and that in many places he could only pass up the brook by wading or by leaping from rock to rock. Now he regarded the aspect of the spot more curiously.

On either hand arose, almost perpendicularly, walls of rock, reaching so high above him that the tallest trees that grew about their bases were overtopped by the massive cliffs above. Finding root in crevices of the crags and gathering such slight nourishment as they might, some stunted pines, oaks and hemlocks here and there leaned out from the hard bosom of the stone. Towards the far top, where occasional shelves gave broader support, larger growth of wood was rooted, and above all, from either side, there bent over the ravine giant trees, whose branches met and mingled overhead, casting perpetual shadow on the bottom of the glen.

There was a vista only for little distance up or down, for the stream turned angularly in its course, now this way, now that. Only occasional small patches of sky could be seen. What there was of it looked very remote and unfriendly. The air in this almost underground location was chill and damp. There were no sounds save the continual babbling roar of the stream. No birds sang among the heavy, drooping branches of the trees; or if there did the noise of the water drowned their songs. No life was visible save that of vegetation, no motion but the motion of the darkly leaping brook. The chirp of the squirrel or the stir of some small lizard or other creature, the growth of forests, among the dead leaves, would have been a relief to the dreary and terrible monotony of the scene. But there was none. If the water danced and sparkled here and there as it came rushing down, the dance was a heartless and mechanical one, and there was no laughter to accompany the sparkle.

The whole spirit of the place was dismal and unwholesome, without one bright or cheerful feature. And as he glanced up the glen, in the direction he

intended still to go, it seemed to him that the gloom hanging over the ravine grew deeper and more unlovely.

Still, being a merry and a stout-hearted fellow, fond of fishing, and not apt to be deterred by trifles, he no more thought of turning back because he found himself in a somewhat dismal gorge in the hills than he would have thought of not starting out in the morning if the day had been cloudy. Only the failure of his bait or the loss of his last hook could turn him back now.

So, having packed away his morning's fish in a cold nook in the rocks, and pulled the last puff at his after-dinner cigar, he merrily arranged his tackle and started on up the stream.

As he rose to go a large brown owl, the first warm-blooded creature he had seen in the glen that day, was started from its noontime nap, and flapped swiftly and silently away. There was no sound of wings in its stealthy and noiseless flight. Only the uncanny birds of night, the obscure prowlers after dark, found this place to their liking. But what cared he?

Such sport as he had was never known before. By three o'clock his basket was full again, and he made another "cache," as they say in the western country when they bury provisions for future use, and still pushed on. Bait? The trout leaped and flew at his hook! Scarcely could it touch the water before a shining, rushing beauty snapped and gorged it. And, strangest thing of all, as he got higher up the glen and the brook became smaller, the dimensions of the trout increased. A quarter pound fish, they had told him, was large for that stream; and yet, in pools where he cast his line, he caught many and many a one weighing a half pound at least.

At half-past four he emptied his basket again. This was becoming embarrassing, for how should he take down to his inn, as trophies, all this weight of trout he was leaving behind him? He must have caught forty pounds already!

What did he care? He was "in for it." His bait still held out; there was yet daylight to enable him to throw his line; the trout still bit.

But at last—he hardly realized the fact till he found it difficult to see to bait his hook—at last he concluded to look at his watch once more. For the fourth time there was not space for another fish in his basket, and it occurred to him to turn about. But when he thought to do so he found it nearly seven o'clock, with the sun, at the best, but a short distance above the horizon. He had come, at the least, seven or eight miles from the tavern. By daylight the passage of the glen was difficult if not dangerous; by night it would be actually impossible. Then he must stay where he was. What matter; he had camped out many a night, and had on a pinch slept in the open air. The night was growing cold, and he had neither blanket nor overcoat; but he had a strong constitution, and a frame in which every drop of blood ran red and warm. Therefore he was little troubled at the prospect.

He cast about him for a spot on which to make his bed. He saw that the ravine which he had so persistently followed widened where he stood, spreading out into a small basin or circular hollow among the hills, through which the brook flowed more peacefully than had been its habit hitherto. There was even an attempt at turf, and the few trees scattered here and there were a more civilized aspect. The mountains frowned as majestically as before, but they had fallen back a little and given more space to the view. The chill draft that had rushed continually down the narrow ravine was not felt here, and there was quite a large patch of blue sky visible overhead.

Looking about him, he discovered a dry and level spot under the lee of a large boulder, beside which, cutting off what night airs might be stirring from the north, grew a cluster of small hemlocks. Gathering a quantity of their fragrant and soft boughs, he spread a dainty bed beside the rock. Then he collected a supply of resinous dead wood for a fire, finished his lunch, some remnants of which were still beside him, and lighted a tranquillizing cigar. As dusk fairly overspread the place he kindled his fire, and, weary but content, lay down as it grew very dark and composed himself to sleep.

He had slept a quiet sleep, in which dreams of home made the night pleasant, for some hours, when he was suddenly awakened by an oppressive nightmare feeling that some evil and unnatural thing was close beside him, closely regarding him. He started up, broad awake, and looked anxiously about.

Though he knew it was dead night, he found, to his amazement, that the whole scene was lighted with a brightness different from that of the sun, but clear and distinct as the day. Gazing hurriedly here and there, his glance fell upon the boulder by which he had slept.

On its summit, not four feet above him, was perched the most extraordinary creature his eyes had ever beheld. It was a small, bandy-legged, slightly deformed figure, wearing a doublet of leather, tights of flame-color, pointed red shoes, a peaked felt hat, in which was stuck a red cock's feather. Over all was flung a cloak of some thick woollen stuff. There, in fact—strange scene for such a character—sat, cross-legged, and regarding him with a diabolically humorous, a funnily malignant grin, a dwarfed and humpbacked Dutchman!

Cabot knew it was a Dutchman by a remark it made. The figure said:

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

"No, I don't," said Cabot.

"Also, no I don't, sometimes, too," said the figure.

"What language are you speaking now?" said Cabot.

"I speak now sie English language," said the figure.

"Oh! you are speaking English, are you?" said Cabot.

"Yes, sie English," said the figure. "I speak

him good like sie native," and the figure nodded and grinned complacently.

"Well, drive on," said Cabot.

"How you say drive on?" said the figure. "How I drive on when I have not sie horses, eh?" "Well, go ahead! If you like that better—continue your remarks. Speak English till you are hoarse, I'm willing."

The figure drew its queer little legs further up under it, and indulged in a prolonged and most disagreeable chuckle.

"You are willing!" it said. "That is, to be sure, much better as I had hoped. I had feared to myself that perchance you had not been willing. That is very good. You are willing! Good like anything! I am here for you! You have met me well! I am content!"

"Here for me!" said Cabot to himself. "The devil! This grows serious. Here for me! I believe I am getting nervous. Am I awake, or is this some horrible dream, brought on by sleeping in a horrid hole in the mountains, without a blanket? Let's see?"

And he got on his feet and stamped on the hard ground. Awake beyond a doubt.

Meanwhile the figure on the rock was convulsed with another unpleasantly cheerful chuckle, which broke out presently into a harsh and cackling laugh.

Gazing at the creature as it swayed to and fro, its features distorted by a sneering grin, and all its inhuman mirth poured out upon the amazed angler, Cabot felt the sense of the ridiculous in the shape before him overcoming his rising fear. He began to feel provoked and angry, too, at the insolence of his strange visitor, and crushing down his hat—he had a vague sensation about the roots of his hair, as though it was rising, waving and crawling on his head—he turned resolutely towards the intruder.

"Are you 'a goblin damned?' said he. "Or are you not? What the dickens are you?"

The figure nodded its head very rapidly many times, and then shook it as vehemently.

"'Goblin,' as you call it, yes!" said the figure; "but 'damned,' no! I am of sie earth-spirit, sie guardian of treasure in sie Black Forest in sie Fatherland. Many German mortal emigrate from sie Old World. Also I emigrate, too. America I find very nice place. Sie treasure lie plenty in sie mountain. I like that. I guard him not alone. I send for all mine friends. Zey come. You wait a little till sie hour come and I will show to you. You shall see. Here I am king!"

Cabot was getting uneasy again. Things didn't look propitious. He wanted to go home. Still he was the last man to run away from a humpbacked German goblin. So he conquered once more his increasing fear, and again addressed the goblin figure:

"When the hour comes!" he said. "How shall you tell the proper time to show all this?"

"Sie clock will strike sie hour," said the goblin.

"Clock!" said Cabot, looking about him. "You insane little devil, there is no clock here."

"You will hear sie clock," said the goblin, and again it grinned horribly a ghastly smile. Then it nodded so vigorously and rapidly that Cabot began to hope that it would break its neck in the operation. But it didn't. Presently stopping, it repeated: "You will hear sie clock!"

"You grow tedious, you infatuated and crazy hobgoblin!" Cabot cried; "change the subject of your conversation, can't you?"

Again the goblin beamed upon him with a hideous grin, and again it said: "You will hear sie clock."

"Clock be —," said Cabot. "This grows wearisome. It is as unpleasantly tedious as a volume of printed sermons or the report of a Congressional Committee! Be kind enough to subside for the present, if you please."

The goblin nodded good-humoredly, and changed its position by taking the right leg out from under the left and carefully placing it on top. Then it subsided into a state of patient waitfulness.

"It is too bad after all," said Cabot to himself, as he proceeded to light a cigar, "to treat the gentleman so, if he is a Dutchman and a goblin."

"Here, old fellow," he said, offering his cigar case, "have a smoke?"

"Havana?" said the goblin.

"Certainly," replied Cabot with dignity; "you don't suppose I would carry anything else, do you?"

"Thanks," said the goblin, taking a cigar.

Cabot took up his flask and shook it. Yes, it was still half full.

"Take a drink," he said.

"After you," said the goblin politely.

"Well, under all the circumstances, my sulphurous friend, perhaps it would be the better plan," said Cabot.

So he took a good pull at the brandy, and the goblin followed suit.

"Oh, you Americans," the goblin said, "you poison and eat up sie stomach with fiery brandy or what not. Behold with us, we drink sie wein, sie beer; spirits—nein! Sie brandy it is too hot, too strong. Ah! I will show to you."

Then the goblin suddenly slid from the rock and appeared before the astonished Cabot in a white apron and minus the hat and cloak, which it had previously deposited with care on the grass. In either hand it bore a glass of beer.

"Zwei lager!" it cried, "you drinks mit me, though, pro tem, I am sie keller!"

"Oh, certainly," said Cabot, "with pleasure," and he swallowed the innocuous and somewhat insipid beverage.

As he set down his glass he heard, coming apparently from the bowels of the earth far below where he stood, a delicate but clear chime as of a silver bell. It was very faint, as coming from a far distance, but as distinct as the sound that fills the air when the ponderous hammer strikes the resounding side of the bell by the City Hall in New York.

The goblin had resumed its hat and cloak, and stood beside him while the silver ringing counted out twelve strokes.

Then what an awesome shock! The great boulder beside which he had slept was suddenly cast tumbling away and thrown many yards across the stream. The ground shook and trembled at the shock of its falling, and in the place where it had stood there opened a yawning mouth or entrance-way, through which one could see for leagues and leagues under the great ranges of the Green Mountains. Distance was annihilated in this stupendous cavern, and the laws of perspective utterly ignored; for miles and miles away one beheld objects the most minute with a distinctness which utterly confounded all Cabot's preconceived notions of things. Unlike the Chinese drawings, where the absence of perspective makes everything flat and unreal, this strange cavern conveyed a full sense of its immense depth and size, and one could follow its lines far away into the background.

It was flooded with a golden light, mellowing all the objects it contained. From the roof far above hung numerous grotesquely outlined stalactites, their sides sparkling with jewels of every description. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds were arranged in fanciful devices. Here serpents coiled and glittered, their scales formed of mosaic work of the most elaborate description, and there tastefully arranged bouquets, in which were grouped the most gorgeous flowers known to the botanist, outshone the natural beauty they counterfeited. Gleaming pillars, seeming almost alive as the light glanced from their sides, rose from floor to roof, and the far-extending walls of the mighty cave shone everywhere with new combinations of color.

Through the cavern flowed numerous streams of molten gold, and fountains played whose flashing water fell in sprays of silver, a mist, fine and white as diamond dust, floating about them.

No less singular and grotesque were the inhabitants of this strange abode, for Cabot saw that it swarmed with a race of pignions, males, females and little ones, all wearing the general characteristics of the strange being who had introduced him to their home. The occupation of these little folks was various, but all were engaged. Some toiled at forges, heating bars of gold and beating them into various implements of agriculture, of the chase or of war, upon golden anvils, keeping time with their golden hammers and sledges to quaint melodies they sang. Others melted the ore and cast it into rough shapes of goblets, plates and cups, which yet others chased and engraved with the nicest care. Some cut and polished precious stones, which their companions afterwards set in the elaborate and still unfinished work upon the walls, the roof, and the pillars. Many of the boys, climbing with wonderful agility up ropes of twisted gold wire, clung with hazardous tenacity to the stalactites, where they placed eyes in the heads of the serpents, or added petals to the undeveloped flowers.

In many parts of the cavern where the walls were still rough and rude in their aspect, miners were at work hewing out blocks of gold and great bars of silver, which were transported to the refining shops in golden wheelbarrows.

The females, many of whom had fine, straight shapes, and were beautiful to look upon, spun golden threads or wove them into tapestry of rare design. Some who were "cunning in needlework" embroidered at great frames, or worked rare devices in small articles of female taste and use. Even the little ones, "making pies" in the golden mud, endeavored to imitate in their productions the beautiful objects of art about them. Others, more inclined to sport than work, caught gold fish in the streams that danced through the cavern.

Everywhere were gold and gems, save in the dresses worn by the goblins, which were composed of stuffs from the upper world. As for the creatures themselves, they seemed to be of the same flesh and blood as Cabot himself.

"See you how they work, my people?" said the gnome; "how they hammer, how they sing, how they enjoy sie toil? Now I will show to you their play."

The goblin clapped its hands, and instantly all the little people laid aside their implements. The blacksmiths threw down their hammers, the artificers removed their paper caps and dropped their tools; the looms were stopped, the pickaxes left in the wall, and a general buzz of pleasure passed like a mighty sigh through the place.

Then Cabot saw what he had not noticed before, numerous beer gardens, to which the little folks betook themselves right speedily, and where they drank what seemed to be real lager from vessels of clear crystal; also, they consumed bread containing caraway seeds, and ate of more or less strange dishes, one of whose principal ingredients appeared to be oil. They chattered and gesticulated freely, so many speaking at once that it seemed impossible to him that they could understand each other. They were generally in families, and even the slightest wee ones were given sips of the lager and large mouthfuls of cabbage. A few, however, evidently bachelors, who scorned the society of females, sat at tables apart and apparently discussed knotty points in theology or philosophy. Some of these wore glasses and presented a venerable appearance, and at these tables there was more noise, and the beards wagged over greater quantities of beer than at any of the others.

But all were full of life and good-nature. They laughed, they chatted; they made love in the most palpable and barefaced manner. Some of the younger ones played rough games, and chased each other, shouting about the place. Altogether, Cabot acknowledged to himself that this new class of German emigrants seemed to enjoy themselves in their underground home as well as any set of people he had ever fallen in with.

"What you think, eh?" said the goblin. "It is very curious, old fellow, very curious," said Cabot.



"Yes, I know, 'curious' to be sure," said the gnome. "Good, too, very good." "Perhaps so," said Cabot, "but don't you ever get tired of staying down there?" "You will try! You shall know! I shall introduce you down there! How shall you get tired when you have nothing to tire you, eh?" "I shall try it!" cried Cabot, stepping back in alarm. "I shall try it! I think not my friend, your proposition is a very friendly one, no doubt, and dictated by emotions that do credit alike to your head and heart." (Here the gnome put on one of his most fascinating grins, placed his hand upon his heart, and made a low bow.) "Do credit alike to your head and heart," continued Cabot, growing more agitated as he proceeded; "but I must say that, in fact, I don't see the matter in that light."

"Zie light is very good," said the gnome, gazing gravely into the cavern, and evidently supposing he was removing a serious objection to his proposal. "Zie light is very good, and will not in zie least injure zie sight."

"Yes, I dare say," said Cabot, "but I—ah—I really think I must bid you good-evening. Excuse the seeming rudeness of so sudden a departure, but the fact is that I have just received a letter from my—my Chinese correspondent, which requires my immediate attention. I had—really the matter had quite escaped me—but it is necessary I should be in Canton in a fortnight at furthest, and as it usually takes some months to get there, I think I had better leave Vermont to-night. In fact I—ah—that is, good-evening."

"Wait one little moment," said the gnome. "I say to you on my solemn honor that I have not in me zie power to bring by force any mortal into my kingdom. I shall not oblige to come till you wish. Also, to be sure, I do not desire to!" And the goblin nodded vehemently for several minutes.

Cabot's heart felt lighter. "Then I needn't go down there unless I wish to?"

"Nein!" said the gnome, shaking his head in the most emphatic manner. "Nein, never!"

"Ah!" said Cabot, with a sigh of relief, "then I think I will stay where I am for the present."

"And zie Canton Chinese correspondent?" said the goblin, with a malicious grin.

"It is rather dark down this confounded glen," said Cabot, "and I guess that business will keep till morning. Never mind him. Here take a drink, there is some in the flask yet, and let China go—What do you want me down there for?"

"Listen," said the gnome; "Zie Earth Spirit shall have zie power every hundred year to take a mortal—if zie mortal will—into zie kingdom. See, zie Earth Spirit never can die! Why not? He has no soul! He may talk—ah, to be sure. For his life is different as zie mortal. When zie mortal die, what is it dies? Zie body. Why? Zie body has no life in zie mortal. Zie life of zie mortal is zie soul. Does ever the soul die? Never. It live always, for ever. Only zie carcase that has wearied zie soul a few short years drops to death and lets zie soul go free. What then for zie soul? Go ask your priests where most souls go."

"But we; our life is zie body. It never grows older than you see me now. It cannot die. Why cannot it, or what is zie life it has I cannot tell to you, for I know not. Can you tell to me why your soul cannot die, or what is zie life of it? Ah, no! Who can? No one! So with our life, you see. I can say no more of that. But listen. Is it not better always to be merry and free from care that perplexes zie soul? Is it not better to fear never punishment nor future wrath? Look in zie cavern."

Loud shouts of laughter were ringing through the cave, caused by a merry and lovely group of young females who had surrounded the table where a party of peculiarly lequacious bachelors were in the midst of a violent and noisy philosophical discussion, and blindfolding with their white hands the eyes of the furious sages, they now declared that not one should go free or learn the name of his former tortill all would agree to be more sociable and join the ladies. One stoutly held out till a merry-looking matron thrust quite a fat and vigorous baby-gnome into his lap and declared that should stay there till he gave in, which he wisely did, and then the entire party sat down comfortably together.

It was a very pretty scene, as Cabot frankly told the goblin king.

"You see," continued the latter, "how they enjoy, how they labor among only beautiful things; how they love, how happy they are."

"As I have told to you, once in a hundred year zie Earth Spirit may take to zie kingdom a mortal. This night is mine. Why do I seek you, you would ask? I like zie American country so well, I want one Yankee, one what you say 'smart' Yankee. Why do I want him? It is my fancy to want him. I like you well, yes, very good. You were but little afraid. Ah! many have I taken; never one who was so little shaken when he met me; when I show him zie treasure, when I say to him, 'I want you.' Nein! Nein! Nein! Never!"

"See what I shall offer to you of zie treasure, oh, many millions! I have here diamonds will buy you all and more as you can ever need on earth. Ah! what can you not buy with them. Look in zie cave again."

A miserly-appearing gnome was fleeing over the floor, pursued by the same party of beautiful girls who had recently broken up the discussion of the bachelors. Over his shoulders he carried a great bag filled to bursting. The girls caught him, pulled the bag from him and loosened the strings, when there came pouring forth a flashing stream of diamonds, large and small; there were thousands of them.

Cabot felt tingling within him the opening yearnings of a fierce desire for untold wealth. There rushed through his excited brain visions of the purchase of an immense estate in New York, including the better part of the Fifth avenue and its surroundings. He contemplated tearing away all the

brown-stone-fronted palaces and erecting a sumptuous town house in the centre of his property. Visions of lawns, of fountains, of stables, all in the midst of the city, flashed through his brain. For country places there were Newport, Saratoga, Mount Washington; he would buy them all. Then with the easy access to all parts of the world his great fleet of steamers should give him, he could make a few small purchases abroad, Baden-Baden, perhaps, for his club friends to gamble at, to atone for which he would oust the monks and establish a private chapel and hospitable inn on St. Bernard! He was lost for a moment in the mazes of his stupendous dream of wealth and power.

"Listen," continued the gnome. "For twenty years—it will bring you near to sixty, and more as sixty no mortal should desire life to stay in his mortal body—for twenty years you have it all, then you come to me here—I shall bind you fast for that if you say to me 'Yes' to-night—you come to me here and say, 'I am ready!' What then? Your soul is gone! You have zie small live body; zie light and happy heart. Think of it! What say you?"

His soul would be gone! The vision of wealth was fading and dying away, it was gone entirely when there came into his mind certain words hardly thought of since childhood: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He felt angry at himself for daring to think of such a barter of his spiritual immortality; and, looking up defiantly as the goblin, he said, almost rudely, "I shall say 'No' to your offer!"

The gnome's face darkened malignantly. He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"One more trial, 'tis zie last."

He turned towards the cavern and clapped his hands twice, when there came bounding forth the most lovely little creature mortal eyes ever beheld. To attempt a description is useless. She stood little over three feet in height; if the reader can imagine all the various charms of all the beautiful women he has ever seen crowded into one small body, he may appreciate her excessive loveliness.

Taking this vision of beauty by the hand, the goblin gravely advanced towards Cabot.

"This is mine fraulein," it said.

The maiden bent her head gracefully towards Cabot, and then turned her gaze modestly but fully upon him, while a sweet smile dimpled her cheek, danced in her eyes and made a rosier rosebud of her mouth.

"If you come to us," said the gnome, "this, my daughter, shall be your wife; you will be zie prince of zie kingdom. What say you?"

Cabot began to feel that he was lost. The more he gazed at the lovely goblin, the more he thought that, after all, the generous propositions of his friend with the hump were not to be readily slighted.

His fears had passed away in the presence of this fairy charmer, and some of the old spirit of bravado and "fun" had returned.

"It wouldn't be a bad match," he thought within himself, "if she were only a little larger. I wonder if she is real flesh and blood." Then turning to the gnome, he said, "Sir, I kiss your daughter's hand!" and proceeded to perform the little ceremony, in very fact.

It was a white, warm, soft hand, and lay in his, as he held it a moment, with a gentle and tender thrill that seemed to say it liked to be there. He certainly liked to have it there.

As Cabot performed this daring piece of gallantry the blood rushed hot up the neck and cheeks of the little creature, and her father made half a step forward and uttered half a German oath, but he was too late to prevent the deed; and bore it with what grace he might.

"It is for me," he said gravely, "the first time to behold a mortal touch the hand of mine fraulein. You must content yourself to wait till such time when you come here. Beware that you not offend again!"

And there was where the gnome made a grand mistake. Cabot was very proud as well as plucky; he usually had his own way about everything, and he never allowed himself to be spoken to in an overbearing or commanding tone. Therefore, when the goblin delivered the little speech above it roused up in him all the "devil" that more or less inhabited his soul.

"What did you remark?" he inquired in the blandest tones.

"Beware that you touch not again zie hand of zie princess!" said the goblin, throwing his cloak majestically from his right shoulder over his left, folding his arms, and advancing one bandy leg.

Whereupon Cabot actually picked up the little beauty, and kissed her three times! Then he set her down. She seemed rather to enjoy it.

Not so her father, the goblin king. His sallow face turned fairly purple in his wrath. He danced; he shrieked; he swore complicated German oaths; he tore his hair, and pulled out his beard by the roots.

"This grows interesting," said Cabot to himself. "On my soul, it is a very nervous old gentleman. How agile, though. How he leaps and throws himself. Great acquisition to the Ravens, he would be! And wouldn't Barnum give him a big sum for three months' engagement! I fancy the advertisement: 'The only living Goblin ever captured in this country: a lineal descendant of King Gambrius, who invented Lager Beer!' That's what Barnum would do. He would mix in the mortal king to give more color to his captured gnome. Hello! What is coming now, I wonder?"

The gnome stood before him, its arms folded, its whole person swelled and magnified by majestic wrath. The princess had disappeared. Only in view was the angry person of her insulted father, who proceeded to pour upon the devoted head of poor Cabot a stream of swiftly uttered German invective that almost took away his breath, so fierce was it.

Cabot lighted a cigar and seated himself on the fallen trunk of an ancient pine. "I wonder if I ought to kick him?" he said to himself.

"Zie Earth Spirit have no power over the free mortal," finally said the gnome, returning again to the English tongue, "but you have insulted a powerful and vindictive foe. I leave you. I go. Beware of zie next time we meet!"

And the goblin turned away towards the entrance to the cavern.

"Now this is too bad!" said Cabot to himself. "The old fellow has been very courteous till he thought I insulted him. 'Tis true I kissed his old gnome's daughter; but I meant no harm by it, and I will tell him so. Get him goodnatured, if I can. I should like a small number of those diamonds—a bushel or so—or a good large wagon load of gold. I wonder if I couldn't make a bargain of some sort with him?"

Acting on this idea, Cabot sprang up and seized hold of the goblin's cloak.

"Wait a little," he said. "I meant no harm when I kissed your beautiful daughter, upon my word. I was only a little provoked at the style of your remarks after I had innocently kissed her hand. Don't get in a passion. You and I may make some arrangement yet. Remember, it's your last chance for a mortal in a hundred years!"

The face of the gnome brightened.

"You apologize?" it said.

"Most certainly," said Cabot; "come, sit down. Here is still a little brandy left. Take a good drink and make peace with me."

The goblin looked pleased. All traces of evil passion vanished from its face. Seated beside Cabot, it drained the flask to its last drop, and set it down with a sigh of pleasure. Then it said: "I forgive you!"

"That's very kind," said Cabot. "Now listen. You are much in want of a likely young man, who may take certain large amounts of wealth from your treasury, and must come back again, to give himself up at the end of twenty years?"

The gnome nodded approvingly.

"Now, supposing you and I should make an arrangement," said Cabot, "and I should bind myself to furnish an able-bodied substitute at the appointed time?"

"Oh, no!" said the goblin. "You take zie treasure you give yourself!"

"Oh! I do, do I?" said Cabot; "then I hardly think I shall take the treasure. Yes! Exactly! But—I say: If I should take up with your liberal offer, you couldn't add about two feet to the stature of that very lovely daughter of yours, and let me marry her, above ground, according to the forms of the church, and keep her there, till we should come back again, together, could you?"

"Oh, nein, nein, nein," said the gnome.

"I don't think we can trade," said Cabot.

The goblin sat in serious thought for some time, at length it said suddenly:

"Do you play anything?"

"Nothing," said Cabot, "not even the plaintive Jew's harp. Once, indeed," he added musingly, "I played on a bass drum—played bluff with the bass drummer; and I won all his money and his musical instrument!"

The eyes of the gnome brightened.

"I too play this game; this 'bluff,' I learn him, for I like to be as zie 'smart' Yankees. Yes, yes! I play him well; very good! I play you. Yes. You shall play zie bluff with me. One deal we shall play. I shall stake my daughter, my treasure, my everything; you shall stake your soul!"

"Where are your cards?" said Cabot.

The goblin drew a pack from his pocket.

Cabot mused. "I can beat this Dutchman, if I can get the deal," he thought. "Oh, I have played too much to be beaten by a humpbacked foreigner. It is an awful risk, if I miss the deal. But I needn't miss it. I can cut a pack with any one—and all the gold!"

"Let me see the cards," he said.

The goblin handed him the pack. It was new; had evidently never been used. It resembled an English or American pack, except that the kings were more or less humpbacked, and the knaves all wore a rather diabolical expression. The court cards were no more ridiculous in their aspect than our own, however.

"I will play," he said.

They cut for deal, and Cabot won!

"Shall we play the full pack or 'twenty-deck' poker?" he inquired.

"As you please," said the goblin.

It pleased Cabot to play "twenty-deck."

He shuffled and dealt the cards very carefully.

He held four aces!

Just as he was about to show his hand, and while the smile of exultation he could not control was rippling over his face, he was astonished to hear the following remarkable words:

"You have lost!" the goblin said.

Lost? cried Cabot, showing his four aces.

"Yes, lost!" replied the goblin, displaying his hand.

He held five Jacks!

The gray light of the dawn was just creeping up the eastern sky, and that foggy and damp chill which precedes the break of day during the summer months in our northern States was settling down into the little valley. It seized hold of the very marrow of poor Cabot's bones, and caused him to shake, as with an ague fit.

He leaned forward with gasping breath and starting eyeballs, and gazed at the cards before him.

Five Jacks, no doubt!

Again the goblin cried, with a shrill chuckle: "You have lost!"

All the good humor in its face had vanished; only malignity and scorn remained.

As the gnome cried the second time exultantly, "You have lost!" there rushed forth from the cavern a hideous troop of goblins, male and female, who, with shrill cries and horrible contortions, formed in thick cluster

ing circles, ring beyond ring, around their victim. There was nothing in their expression or manner now but a horrible vindictiveness and wrath. All the quaint and pleasant little ways he had noticed in the cavern were gone, all the gentleness, all the playfulness. In their stead was savage exultation. Each one seemed anxious to be the first to seize the mortal who had kissed their princess and insulted their king. They thronged about him with frightful cries. All the valley was filled with their thousands, and from every crag leaned down hideous, deformed figures that leered upon him, and "mowed," and chattered fiercely.

Immediately around him was a little space, in which stood the king, regarding him with a glance so sinister and so full of hate that he was cowed and broken down by its fearful force. He could neither speak nor stir.

"Now you are mine!" cried the gnome.

"Now he is thine!" resounded in shrill chorus from ten thousand throats.

They seemed about to rush in upon him, in a solid body, when there burst into the inner circle a thing of light and beauty so majestic that the horrible crew shrank back before its brightness.

It was the princess, who, kneeling at her father's feet, with pitiful, upturned eyes, broke into a passionate and pleading strain of melody. In vain she implored, wept, wrung her hands. The more earnestly and persistently she pleaded the mortal's cause the darker grew the brow of the enraged king.

Presently he spurned her from him with a violence that left her half senseless on the ground. Then he gave some order, in a harsh and angry voice, and a half dozen aged goblin cronies bore her off into the recesses of the cavern.

Again the great multitude swayed and pulsated, and again they rushed towards poor Cabot.

Already they had crowded upon him. Some had leaped upon his back; some had twined themselves about his legs and arms; some had seized him by the throat, and he had given up all hope of an escape from a fearful doom; when, from some far-away farm, over the mountains, where men lived and toiled, came, very faint, but shrill and distinct, the crowing of a cock.

What magic was this?

They loosed their hold! They fell back from about him! With spiteful yells of disappointment and rage, they rushed headlong into the yawning cavern; and in half a minute more the boulder stood in the old place, where he had slept beside it!

Cabot threw himself on the ground panting and almost lifeless.

Only for a few moments, though, then he sprang up, and, leaving hat, rod, fish-basket, he rushed wildly down the glen.

The landlord, Tom Kennedy, had already told us how he recruited himself at the little inn.

When he left so hurriedly he probably departed for Canton, to see his correspondent, and put all possible space between himself and the Gnome of the Green Mountains.

#### WHAT GOTTSCHALK THINKS OF CHICKERING'S PIANOFORTES.

In these days of extraordinary competition in pianoforte making, it is pleasant to find that the old-fashioned American keeps pace with the progressive spirit of the age. The following opinion from the celebrated L. M. Gottschalk is the most valuable testimony that can be offered, for he has tested these instruments for years, and is conversant with all the pianos of Europe and America, and he is an authority that cannot be disputed. His endorsement is as follows:

"The great sensation which, in all my recent concerts, has been produced by your pianos of the new model, the admirable testimony of the artists before whom I have played upon them, and, indeed, the unanimous verdict of the whole public, would excuse me from expatiating upon the excellence of these superb instruments, were it not that the qualities which distinguish them, in my opinion, constitute a valuable era in the progress of musical art, and deserve, in consequence, to attract the attention of all musical people."

"The problem which, for more than half a century, the great European manufacturers have been proposing to themselves may be reduced to this: How to obtain the greatest possible volume of tone without altering its character, and at the same time to preserve its clearness and homogeneity through all the extent of the keyboard."

"These different qualities seemed to exclude each other. For instance, one instrument charming in a prior would become thin and powerless in a large concert hall; another only owed its force to the sentences of its tone, or to a confused vibration produced by its great length of strings. You alone, Messrs. Chickering and Sons, have succeeded, as I fully believe, in combining the different elements which have so long been sought after, in a manner which will henceforth make our modern piano the most complete of instruments."

"Harmonious sounds as of tone, force in the tones, simplicity in the upper notes, equality throughout all the registers, singing quality in the middle tones, and, above all, an astonishing prolongation of sound, without its becoming confused, were a gain of an artistic progress which I at once discerned on playing the new instruments for the first time. Soon after, when I had been obliged to transport your pianos several hundred miles by railroad, and play upon them without the time to have them retuned, I was still more surprised at the rare solidity of their construction by finding them in as perfect tune as when they started. Furthermore, when giving concerts unassisted, and playing fifteen or eighteen pieces in succession, I have been enabled, of appreciating, by the comparatively trifling fatigue which I experienced, the precision and promptness of action which characterize your instruments."

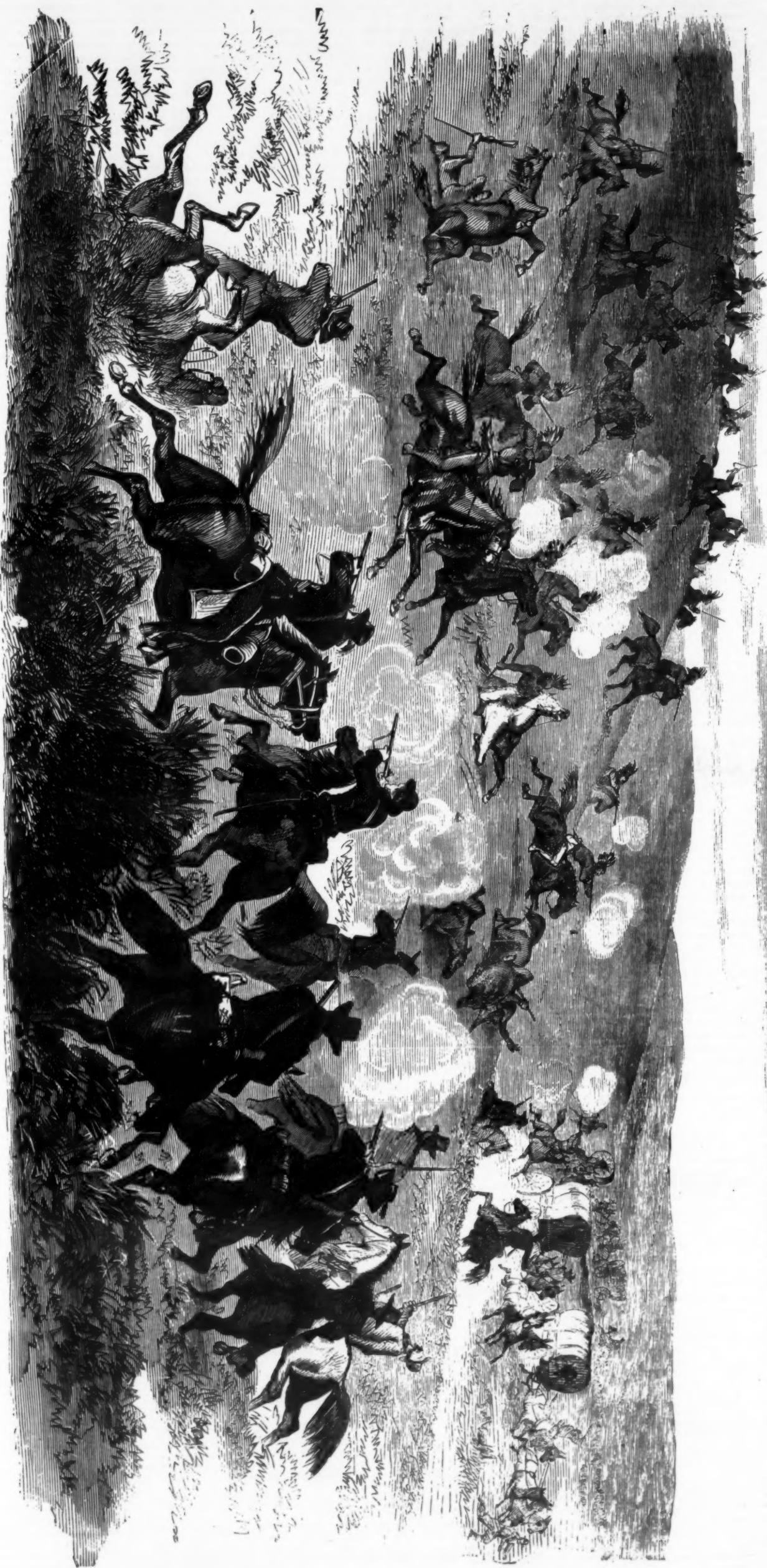
"Accept, gentlemen, my sincere congratulations. Henceforth the United States may advantageously compete with Europe in the construction of pianos; and it is not the least of our commercial triumphs that you have succeeded in matching and surpassing the efforts of the Erards, the Pleyels, the Collars and the Broadwoods."

"Truly yours, L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

It is with great regret that we state that Mr. Forrest's engagement at Niblo's Garden was on Friday last brought to a temporary cessation, on account of a serious family affliction. It was resumed upon this Wednesday, when he reappeared in "The Broker of Bogota," in his fine individualization of Pedro.



THE SIOUX WAR—ATTACK OF THE SIOUX ON THE FORAGE TEAMS CAMPING, AND THEIR REPULSE BY CAPT. DAVIS'S CAVALRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GEORGE F. LUDWIG.





OUR RUSSIAN VICTORS—BANQUET GIVEN BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKI AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





## LIFE'S INCONGRUITY.

BY LIEUT. EDGAR PHELPS, U. S. A.

GREEN grows the laurel on the bank,  
Dark waves the pine upon the hill,  
Green hangs the lichen, cold and dank,  
Dark springs the heartsease by the rill;  
Age-mosses clamber ever bright,  
Pale is the water-lily's bloom;  
Thus Life still courts the shades of night,  
And Beauty hovers o'er the tomb.

So, all through life, incongruous hue  
Each object wears from childhood down,  
The evanescent—heaven's blue,  
The all-enduring—sober brown:  
Our brightest dreams too quickly die,  
And griefs are green that should be old,  
And joys that sparkle to the eye  
Are like a tale that's quickly told.

And yet 'tis but the golden wean  
That checks our lives' unsteady flow,  
God's counterbalance thrown between,  
To poise the scale 'twixt joy and woe!  
And better so, for were the bowl  
Too freely to the parched lips given,  
Too much of grief would crush the soul,  
Too much of joy would wean from heaven.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDOCK.

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER LVIII.—MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY'S REQUEST.

RICHARD THORNTON had received Eleanor's letter in Edinburgh, and had been travelling perpetually since his receipt of the girl's eager epistle. He had calculated that by travelling day and night he should be able to accomplish a great achievement in the four days that were to elapse between the hour in which he received Eleanor's letter and the hour appointed for the interview with the Frenchman. This achievement was the reconciliation of Gilbert Monckton and his wife.

For this purpose the devoted young man had travelled from Edinburgh to London, and from London to Torquay, back to London again, with Mr. Monckton for his companion, and from London to Paris, still in that gentleman's companionship. Gilbert Monckton would have thought it a small thing to have given half his fortune in payment of the tidings which the scene-painter carried to him.

He should see his wife again; his bright and beautiful young wife, whom he had so cruelly wronged and so stupidly misunderstood.

Human nature is made up of contradictions. From the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had turned his back upon Toldale Priory, deserting his young wife in a paroxysm of jealous anger, until now, he had done nothing but repent of his own work. Why had he disbelieved in her? How had he been vile enough to doubt her? Had she not stood before him, with the glorious light of truth shining out of her beautiful face? Even had he not already repented. Eleanor's letter would have opened the jealous husband's eyes to his own folly. That brief, offended letter in which the brave girl had repudiated her husband's offer of money and independence, and had declared her proud determination to go out into the world once more and to get her own living, and to accept nothing from the man who doubted her truth.

The lawyer had made every effort to lure the lost bird back to its deserted nest. But if you render your wife's existence intolerable, and she runs away from you in despair, it is not always possible to bring her back to your halls, though you may be never so penitent for your offences against her. Gilbert Monckton had employed every means in his endowments to discover his wife's whereabouts, but had failed most completely to do so. His search was futile; his advertisements were unanswered; and very lonely and miserable he had dragged out the last six weeks, in constant oscillation between London and Torquay, always making some new effort to obtain tidings of the missing girl, perpetually beguiled a little way onward with false hopes, only to be disappointed. He had gone again and again to Signora Piccirillo, but had received no comfort from her, inasmuch as the music mistress knew no more about Eleanor than he did.

It is not to be wondered, then, that when Richard Thornton appeared at Torquay, carrying with him Eleanor's letter, he was received with open arms by the penitent husband. Not an hour was wasted by the eager travellers, but use what haste they might, they could not hasten the Dover express, or the Calais packets, or the comfortable jog-trot pace of the train between Calais and Paris; so they had only been able to arrive at eight o'clock in the dusky April evening, just in time to behold Major Lennard in his moment of triumph.

Gilbert Monckton extended his hand to the stalwart soldier, after the events of the evening had been hurriedly related by Eleanor and her companion.

"You robbed me of a wife twenty years ago, Major Lennard," he said, "but you have restored another wife to me to-night."

"Then I suppose we're quits," the major exclaimed, cheerfully, "and we can go back to the Palais and have a devilled lobster, eh? I

suppose we must do something for this poor devil though, first, eh?"

Mr. Monckton heartily concurred in this suggestion; and Richard Thornton, who was better acquainted with Paris than any of his companions, ran downstairs, told the portress of the malady which had stricken down the lodger in the entrance, dispatched the sharp young damsel with the shrill voice in search of a sick nurse, and went himself to look for a doctor. In little more than half an hour both these officials had arrived, and Mr. Monckton and his wife, Major Lennard and Richard departed, leaving the Frenchman in the care of his two compatriots. But before Gilbert Monckton left the apartment he gave the nurse special orders respecting the sick man. She was not to let him leave his rooms upon any pretence whatever; not even if he should appear to become reasonable.

Mr. Monckton went to the Hotel du Palais with his young wife, and, for the first time since he had been wronged, forgave the frivolous woman who had jilted him. She had been very kind to Eleanor, and he was in a humor to be pleased with any one who had been good to his wife. So the lawyer shook hands very heartily with Mrs. Lennard, and promised that she should see her daughter before long.

"The poor little girl has had a hard trial lately, Mrs. Lennard, through my folly, and I owe her some atonement. I separated her from her natural protectors because I was presumptuous enough to imagine that I was better fitted to plan her destiny; and after all I have wrecked her girlish hopes, poor child. But I don't think the damage is irreparable. I think she'll scarcely break her heart about Launcelot Darrell."

In all this time nobody had cared to ask any questions about the will. Eleanor had handed it to her husband, and Gilbert Monckton had put it, still folded, into his pocket. But when the devilled lobster and the sparkling Mousse, which the major insisted upon ordering, had been discussed, and the table cleared, Mr. Monckton took the important document from his pocket.

"We may as well look at poor De Crespiigny's last testament," he said, "and see who has been most injured by the success of Launcelot Darrell's fabrication."

He read the first two sheets of the will to himself, slowly and thoughtfully. He remembered every word of those two first sheets. So far the real will was verbatim the same as the forged document; Gilbert Monckton could therefore now understand why that fabricated will had seemed so genuine. The fabrication had been copied from the original paper. It was thus that the forgery had borne the stamp of the testator's mind. The only difference between the two documents lay in the last and most important clause.

The lawyer read aloud this last sheet of Maurice de Crespiigny's will:

"I devise and bequeath all the residue and remainder of my real and personal property unto Hortensia Bannister, the daughter of my old and deceased college friend, George Vane, and my valued friend Peter Sedgewick, of Cheltenham, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, upon trust for the sole and separate use of Eleanor, the daughter of my said dear deceased friend, George Vane, by his last wife, Eleanor Thompson, during her life, free from the control, debts or engagements of any husband she may at any time have, and so that she shall not have power to anticipate the rents, interest and annual proceeds thereof, and upon and after her decease for such persons, estates, and in such manner as she shall, whether covert or uncovered, by will appoint; and in default of and subject to any such appointment, for the said Eleanor, the daughter of the said George Vane, to her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, according to the nature of the said property. And in case the said Eleanor shall have departed this life during my lifetime, or in case the said last named trustees cannot discover the said Eleanor Vane within four years after my decease, then they shall consider the said Eleanor Vane dead, and therefrom I give and devise the said residuary estates to be equally divided between my said three nieces, Sarah, Lavinia and Ellen, absolutely."

"It is fortunate that the money is left to trustees for your separate use, Eleanor," Mr. Monckton said. "If it had been otherwise the gift would have been invalid, since I, your husband, was one of the witnesses to the will."

A torrent of congratulations from Major and Mrs. Lennard and Richard Thornton almost overwhelmed Eleanor; but she was still more overwhelmed by her astonishment at the wording of the will.

"The money left to me!" she exclaimed. "I didn't want it. I am sorry it should be so. It will seem now as if I had been plotting to get this fortune. I don't want it. I only want my revenge."

Gilbert Monckton narrowly watched his wife's astonished face. He saw no look of triumph, no smile of gratification. At least she was free from any mercenary baseness. He took her a little way from the rest of the party and looked earnestly in her fearless eyes.

"My own dear love," he said, "I have learned a hard lesson, and I believe that I shall profit by it. I will never doubt you again. But tell me, Eleanor, tell me once and for ever—have you ever loved Launcelot Darrell? Have any of your actions been prompted by jealousy?"

"Not one," cried Mrs. Monckton. "I have never loved him, and I have never been jealous of him. From first to last I have been actuated by one motive and one alone—the duty I owe to my dead father."

She had not abandoned her purpose, then. No; the lurid star that had beckoned her forward still shone before her. It was so near now that its red splendor filled the universe. The young wife was pleased to be reconciled to her husband; but with the sense that he was restored to her once more,

the memory of the dreary interval in which she had lost him melted away from her mind, and Launcelot Darrell—Launcelot Darrell, the destroyer of her dead father, became once more paramount in her mind.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she said, clasping her hands about her husband's arm, and looking up in his face, "you'll take me back to England at once, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear," Mr. Monckton answered, with a sigh. "I'll do whatever you wish."

There was a jealous pain at his heart as he spoke. His wife was pure and true, and beautiful, but this strange purpose of her life divided her from him and left his own existence very blank.

## CHAPTER LVIII.—THE DAY OF RECKONING.

LAUNCELOT DARRELL and his mother had inhabited Woodlands for a little more than a fortnight. The painters, and paperhangers, and upholsterers had done a great deal to alter the handsome country-house; for Mr. Darrell had no wish to be reminded of his dead uncle, and familiar chairs and tables have an unpleasant faculty of suggesting tiresome thoughts and recalling faded faces that have better be forgotten. Almost all the old furniture had been swept away, then, and the young man had behaved very generously to his maiden aunts, who had furnished a small house in Windsor with the things that Launcelot had banished from Woodlands. These poor disappointed ladies had located themselves in a quiet little *cul-de-sac*, squeezed in between the hilly street and the castle, with the idea that the wild dissipation of a town life would enable them to forget their wrongs.

So Launcelot Darrell and his mother reigned at Woodlands instead of the maiden sisters; and Parker, the butler, and Mrs. Jepcott, the housekeeper, waited upon a new master and mistress.

The young man had chafed bitterly at his poverty, and had hated himself and all the world because of those humiliations to which a man who is too idle to work and too poor to live without work is always more or less subject. But, alas! now that by the commission of a crime he had attained the great end of his ambition, he found that the game was not worth the candle, and that in his most fretful moments before Maurice de Crespiigny's death he had never suffered as much as he now suffered daily and hourly.

The murderers of the unfortunate Mr. Ware ate a hearty supper of pork chops while their victim lay, scarcely cold, in a pond beside the dark road; but it is not everybody who is blessed with the strength of mind possessed by these gentlemen. Launcelot Darrell could not shake off the recollection of what he had done. From morning till night, from night till morning, the same thoughts, the same fears were perpetually pressing upon him. In the eyes of every servant who looked at him; in the voice of every creature who spoke to him; in the sound of every bell that rang in the roomy country house, there lurked a something that inspired the miserable terror of detection. It haunted him in every place, it met him at every turn. The knowledge that he was in the power of two bad, unscrupulous men, the lawyer's clerk and Victor Bourdon, made him the most helpless of slaves. Already he had found what it was to be in the power of a vicious and greedy wretch. The clerk had been easily satisfied by the gift of a round sum of money, and had levanted before his employer returned from America. But Victor Bourdon had been insatiable. He was a gamester and a duellist; and he expected to find in Launcelot Darrell's purse a gold mine that was never to be exhausted. He had abandoned himself to the wildest dissipation in the worst haunts of London after Maurice de Crespiigny's death, and had appeared at Woodlands at all times and seasons, demanding enormous sums of his miserable victim. At first terror had sealed Launcelot Darrell's lips, and he had acceded to the most extravagant demands of his accomplice; but at last his temper had given way, and he had refused that "paltry note for a thousand francs," to which the Frenchman had alluded in his interview with Eleanor. After this refusal there had been a desperate quarrel between the two men, at the end of which the commercial traveller had received a thrashing, and had been turned out of door by the master of Woodlands.

The young man had been quite reckless of consequences in his passion; but when he grew a little calmer he began to reflect upon the issue of this quarrel.

"I cannot see what harm the man can do me," he thought; "to accuse me is to accuse himself also, and then who would believe his unsupported testimony? I could laugh at him as a madman."

Launcelot Darrell had no knowledge of the existence of the real will. He most fully believed that it had been burned before his own eyes, and that Eleanor's assertion to the contrary had been only a woman's falsehood invented to irritate him.

"If the girl had once had the will in her possession she would never have been such a fool as to lose it," he argued.

But notwithstanding all this he felt a vague fear, all the more terrible because of its indefinite character. He had placed himself in a false position. The poet is born and not made; and perhaps the same thing may be said of the criminal. The genius of crime, like the genius of song, may be a capricious blossom indigenous to such and such a soil, but not to be produced by cultivation. However this may be, Launcelot Darrell was not a great criminal. He had none of the reckless daring, the marvellous power of dissimulation, the blind indifference to the future which made a Palmer, a Cartouche, a Fauntleroy or a Roupell. He was wretched because of what he had done, and he allowed everybody to perceive his wretchedness.

Mrs. Darrell saw that her son was miserable, in spite of his newly-acquired wealth, and a horrible terror seized upon her. Her sisters had taken good care to describe to her the scene that had occurred at Woodlands upon the night of the old man's death.

She had watched her son as only mothers can watch the children they love, and she had seen that his dead kinsman's fortune had brought him no happiness. She had questioned him, but had received only sullen, ungracious answers, and she had not the heart to press him too closely.

The mother and son were alone in the drawing-room at Woodlands about a week after the scene in Monsieur Bourdon's apartment. They had dined *à la carte*. The dessert had not been removed, and the young man was still sitting at the bottom of the long table, looking glassily in his comfortable chair, and very often refilling his glass from the claret-jug on his right hand. The three long windows were open, and the soft May twilight crept into the room. A tall shaded lamp stood in the centre of the table, making a great spot of light in the dusky room. Below the lamp there was a confused shimmer of cut-glass, upon which the lamplight trembled, like moonbeams upon running water. There were some purple grapes and a litter of vine leaves in a dessert dish of Sevres china, the spiky crown of a pineapple and scarlet strawberries that made splashes of vivid color amid the sombre green. The puffed face of the dead man hanging upon the wall behind Launcelot Darrell's chair seemed to look reproachfully out of the shadows. The ruby draperies shading the open windows grew darker with the fading of the light. The faint odor of lilacs and hawthorn blossoms blew in from the garden. The evening stillness was only broken by the sound of leaves stirred faintly by a slow night-wind that crept among the trees.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting in the recess of one of the open windows, with some needlework in her lap. She had brought her work into the dining-room after dinner, because she wished to be with her son; and she knew that Launcelot would sit for the best part of the evening brooding over his half-filled glass. The young man was not completely miserable. The great wrong he had done had brought upon him a torture which he was scarcely strong enough to endure. If he could have undone that wrong; if—No! That way lay such shame and degradation as he could never stoop to endure.

"It was all my great-uncle's fault," he repeated to himself, doggedly. "That business had he to make the will of a madman? Whom have I robbed after all? Only a specious adventure, the intriguing daughter's selfish spendthrift."

Such thoughts as these were for ever rising in the young man's mind. He was thinking them to-night, while his mother sat in the window watching her son's face fively. He was only roused from his reverie by the sound of wheels upon the gravel drive, the opening of a carriage door, and the loud ringing of the bell.

The arrival of any expected visitor always frightened him; so it was nothing unusual for him to get up from his chair and go to the door of the room and listen for the sound of voices in the hall.

To-night he turned deadly pale as he recognised a familiar voice, the voice of Gilbert Monckton, whom he had never seen since the reading of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew back as the servant approached the door, and in another moment the man opened it, and announced Mr. Monckton, Mrs. Monckton, Mr. Thornton, M. Bourdon. He would have announced Mr. John Ketch, I dare say, just as soon.

Launcelot Darrell planted his back against the low marble chimney-piece, and prepared to meet his fate. It had come—the realization of that horrible nightmare which had tormented him ever since the night of Maurice de Crespiigny's death. It had come—detection, disgrace, humiliation, despair; no matter by what name it was called, the thing was living death. His heart seemed to me into water, and then freeze in his breast. He had seen the face of Victor Bourdon lurking behind Gilbert and Eleanor, and he knew that he had been betrayed.

The young man knew this, and determined to make a gallant fight. He was not a coward; he was only an irresolute, vacillating, selfish Sybarite, who had quarrelled with the great schoolmaster Fate because his life had not been made one long summer's holiday. Even cowards sometimes grow courageous at the last. Launcelot Darrell was not a coward; he drew himself up to his fullest height, and prepared to confront his accusers.

Eleanor Monckton advanced towards him. Her husband tried to restrain her, but his effort was wasted; she waved him back with her hand, and went on to where the young man stood, with her head lifted and her nostrils quivering.

"At last, Launcelot Darrell," she cried, "after watching that has worried me, and failures that have tempted me to despair, at last I can keep my promise; at last I can be true to the lost father whose death was your cruel work. When last I was in this house, ye laughed at me and defied me. I was robbed of the evidence that would have condemned you; all we world seemed leagued together against me. Now the proof of your crime is in my hands, and thenceforth of your accomplice has borne witness against you. Cheat, trickster and forger, there is no escape for you now."

"No," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, with an unctuous chuckle, "it is now your turn to be chased, my stripling; it is now your turn to be kicked out of the door."

"From first to last, from first to last," said Eleanor, "you are been false and cruel. You wronged and defied the friends who sent you to India."

"Yea," interrupted the commercial traveller, who was very pale, and by no means too steady in his nerves, at the attack of delirium tremens. He had dropped to a chair and sat trembling and grinning at his patrons, with a ghastly jocosity that was far from agreeable to behold. "Yea, ye cheat young-men, ye cheat your friends



You make belief to go to the Indies, but you do not go. You what you call shilly-shilly, and upon the last moment, when the machine is on the point to depart, you change the mind. You are well in England, there is a handsome career for you, as artist, you say. Then you will not go. But you have fear of your uncle, who has given the money for you—fit-out—and for your passage, and you make believe to do what they wish from you. You have a friend, a confidant, a Mr. —, who is to put you in your cabin. You write to him, and get him to post your letters; you write to your mother, in Clip-a-stone street, and you say to her, 'Dear mother, I cannot bear this broil climate; I am broil; I work the night and the day; I am indigo planter; and you send your letter to the Indies to be posted; and your poor mother believe you; and you are in Paris to enjoy yourself, to lead the life of student, a little Bohemian, but very gay. You read Balzac, you make the little sketches for the cheap Parisian journals. You are gamuster, and win money from a poor old Englishman, the father of that lady there; and you make a cat's-paw of your friend, Victor Bourdon. You are a villain man, Monsieur Darrell, but it is finished with you.'

"Listen to me, Launcelot Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said, quietly: "Every falsehood and trick of which you have been guilty, from first to last, is known. There is no help for you. The will which my wife holds in her hand is the genuine will signed by Maurice de Crespigny. This man is prepared to testify that the will by which you took possession of this estate is a forgery, fabricated by you and Henry Lawford's clerk, who had in his possession a rough draught of the real will which he had written to Mr. de Crespigny's dictation, and who copied the three different signatures from three letters written by the old man to Henry Lawford. You are prepared to bear witness to this," added the lawyer, turning to Victor Bourdon.

"But, certainly," exclaimed the Frenchman, "it being well understood that I am not to suffer by this candor. It is understood that I am innocent in this affair."

"Innocent!" cried Launcelot Darrell; bitterly. "Why, you were the prime mover in this business. It was your suggestion that first induced—"

"It is possible, my friend," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, complacently; "but is it, then, a crime to make a little suggestion—to try to make one's self useful to a friend? I do not believe it! No matter. I have studied your English law; I do not think it can touch me, since I am only prepared to swear to having found this real will, and having before that overheard a conversation between you and the clerk of the avoué de Vindor."

"You use noble tools, Mrs. Monckton," said Launcelot Darrell; "but I do not know by what right you come into my house, uninvited, and bringing in your train a very respectable transportation scene painter with whom I have not the honor to be acquainted, and a French commercial traveler, who has chosen to make himself peculiarly obnoxious to me. It is for the Court of Chancery to decide whether I am the rightful owner of this house and all appertaining to it. I shall await the fiat of that court; and in the meantime I have the honor to wish you good evening."

He laid his hand upon the handle of the bell as he spoke, but he did not pull it.

"You defy me, then, Launcelot Darrell?" said Eleanor.

"I do."

"I am glad that it is so!" exclaimed the girl. "I am glad that you have not prayed to me for mercy. I am glad that Providence has suffered me to avenge my father's death."

Eleanor Monckton was moving towards the door.

In all this time Ellen Darrell had not once spoken. She had stood apart in the recess of the window, a dark and melancholy shadow, mourning over the ruin of her life.

I think that she was scarcely surprised at what had happened. We sometimes know the people we love, and we know them to be base; but we go on loving them desperately, nevertheless; and love them best when the world is against them, and they have most need of our love. I speak here of maternal love, which is so sublime an affection as to be next in order to the love of God.

The widow came suddenly into the centre of the room, and cast herself on her knees before Eleanor, and wound her arms about the girl's slender waist, pinning her to the spot upon which she stood, and holding her there. The mother's arms were stronger than bands of iron, for they were linked about the enemy of her son. It has been demonstrated by practical zoologists that the king of beasts, his majesty the lion, is after all a cowardly creature. It is only the lioness, the mother, whose courage is desperate and indomitable.

"You shall not do this," Ellen Darrell cried; "you shall not bring disgrace upon my son. Take your due, whatever it is; take your paltry wealth. You have plotted for it, I dare say. Take it, and let us go out of this place penniless. But no disgrace, no humiliation, no punishment for him!"

"Mother," cried Launcelot, "get up off your knees. Lather do her worst. I ask no mercy of her."

"Don't hear him," gasped the widow, "don't listen. Oh, Eleanor, save him from shame and disgrace. Save him! save him! I was always good to you, was I not? I meant to be so, believe me. If ever I was unkind it was because I was distracted by regrets and anxieties about him. Oh, Eleanor, forgive him, and be merciful to me! Forgive him. It is my fault that he is what he is. It was my foolish indulgence that ruined his childhood. It was my false pride that taught him to think he had a right to my uncle's money. From first to last, Eleanor, it is I that am to blame. Remember this, and forgive him, forgive—"

Her throat grew dry, and her voice broke, but her lips still moved, though no sound came from

them, and she was still imploring mercy for her son.

"Forgive!" cried Eleanor bitterly. "Forgive the man who caused my father's death! Do you think I have waited and watched for nothing? It seems to me as if all my life had been given up to this one hope. Do you know how that man has defied me?" she exclaimed, pointing to Launcelot Darrell. "Do you know that through him I have been divided from my husband? Bah! why do I speak of my own wrongs? Do you know that my father, a poor helpless old man, a lonely, friendless old man, a decayed gentleman, killed himself because of your son? Do you expect that I am to forget that? Do you want me to abandon the sacred purpose of my life, the purpose to which I have sacrificed every selfish happiness, every womanly joy, now that the victory is mine, and that I can keep my vow?"

She tried to disengage herself from Ellen Darrell's arms, but the widow still clung about her, with her head flung back and her white face convulsed with anguish.

"Forgive him, for my sake!" she cried; "give him to me—give him to me. He will suffer enough from the ruin of his hopes. He will suffer enough from the consciousness of having done wrong. He has suffered. Yes, I have watched him, I know. Take everything from him. Leave him penniless, dependent upon the pittance my uncle left to me, but save him from disgrace. Give him to me. God has given him to me. Woman, what right have you to take him from me?"

"He killed my father," Eleanor answered, in a sombre voice; "my dead father's letter told me to be revenged upon him."

"Your father wrote in a moment of desperation. I knew him. I knew George Vane. He would have forgiven any one. He was the last person to be vindictive or revengeful when his first anger was past. What good end will be gained by my son's disgrace? You shall not refuse to hear me. You are a wife, Eleanor Monckton; you may be one day a mother. If you are pitiless to me now, God will be pitiless to you then. You will think of me then. In every throb of pain your child may suffer, in every childish ailment that makes your heart grow sick with unutterable fear, you will recognize God's vengeance upon you for this night's work. Think of this, and be merciful to me—not him. What he would have to endure would only be a tithe of my suffering. I am his mother—his mother!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Eleanor, lifting her clasped hands above her head. "What am I to do?"

The hour of her triumph had come, and with it doubt and fear took possession of her breast. If this was her victory, it was only half a victory. She had never thought that any innocent creature would suffer more cruelly by her vengeance upon Launcelot Darrell than the man himself would suffer. And now here this woman whose only sin had been an idolatrous love of her son, and to whom his disgrace would be worse than the anguish of death.

The widow's agony had been too powerful for the girl's endurance. Eleanor burst into a passion of tears, and turning to her husband let her head fall upon his breast.

"What am I to do, Gilbert?" she said. "What am I to do?"

"I will not advise you, my dear," the lawyer answered, in a low voice. "To-night's business is of your own accomplishing. Your own heart must be your only guide."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, only broken by Eleanor's sobbing. The widow still knelt, still clinging about the girl, with her white face fixed now in an awful stillness.

"Oh, my dear, dead father!" Eleanor sobbed; "you—you did wrong yourself sometimes, and you were always kind and merciful to people. Heaven knows I have tried to keep my oath; but I cannot, I cannot! It seemed so easy to imagine my revenge when it was far away, but now—it is too hard—it is too hard! Take your son, Mrs. Darrell. I am a poor helpless coward, and cannot carry out the purpose of my life."

The white uplifted face scarcely changed, and the widow fell back in a heap upon the floor. Her son and Gilbert Monckton lifted her up and carried her to a chair in one of the open windows. Richard Thornton dropped on his knees before Eleanor and began to kiss her hands with effusion.

"Don't be frightened, Nelly," he exclaimed. "I was very fond of you once, and very unhappy about you, as my poor aunt can bear witness; but I am going to marry Eliza Montalembert, and we've got the carpets down at the snugest little box in all Brixton already, and I've made it up with Spavin and Cromshaw in consideration of my salary being doubled. Don't be frightened if I make a fool of myself, Eleanor; but I think I could worship you to-night. This is your victory, my dear. This is the only revenge Providence ever intended for beautiful young women with hazel brown hair. God bless you!"

Launcelot Darrell, with a grayish pallor spread over his face, like a napkin upon the face of a corpse, came slowly up to Eleanor.

"You have been very generous to me, Mrs. Monckton, though it is a hard thing for me to say as much," he said. "I have done wicked things, but I have suffered—I have suffered and repented perpetually. I had no thought of the awful consequences which would follow the wrong I did your father. I have hated myself for that wicked act ever since. I should never have forg'd the will if that man had not come to me, and fooled me, and played upon my weaknesses. I will thank you for the mercy you have shown me by-and-by, Mrs. Monckton, when I am better worthy of your generosity."

#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

GILBERT MONCKTON seconded his wife in all she

wished to do. There was no scandal. All legal formalities were gone through very quietly. Those troublesome people who require to be informed as to the business of their neighbors were told that a codicil had been found which revoked the chief clause of Mr. de Crespigny's will. Mr. Peter Sedgewick and Mrs. Bannister were ready to perform all acts required of them, though the latter expressed considerable surprise at her half-sister's unexpected accession of wealth. Eleanor Monckton entered into possession of the estates. The impulsive girl, having once forgiven her father's enemy, would fain have surrendered the fortune to him into the bargain, but practical matter-of-fact people were at hand to prevent her being too generous. Mrs. Darrell and her son went to Italy, and Mrs. Monckton, with her husband's concurrence, made the young man a very handsome allowance, which enabled him to pursue his career as an artist. He worked very hard, and with enthusiasm. The shame of the past gave an impetus to his pencil. His courage, as if esteem stood in his friend, and he tried valiantly to redeem himself from the disgrace that had fallen upon him.

"If I am a great painter, they will remember nothing against me," he said to himself; and though it was not in him to become a great painter, he became a popular painter; a great man for the Royal Academy and the West End engravers, if only a small man for future generations, who will choose the real gems out of the prodigal wealth of the present. During his three years' residence in Italy, Mr. Darrell's first success was a picture which he called "The Earl's Death," from a poem of Tennyson's, with the motto, "Oh, the Earl was fair to see"—a preternaturally ugly man lying at the feet of a preternaturally hideous woman, in a turret chamber lighted by lucifer matches—the blue and green light of the lucifers on the face of the ugly woman, and a pre-Raphaelite cypress seen through the window; and I am fain to say, that although the picture was ugly, there was a strange weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season, one fiction declaring that the lucifer match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the Earl the most lovely of womankind, till the action who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions, and thus everybody was satisfied.

So Launcelot Darrell received a fabulous price for his picture, and, having lived without reproach during three years probation, came home to marry Laura Mason Lennard, who had been true to him all this time, and who would have rather liked to marry a modern Cartouche or Jack Sheppard for the romance of the thing. And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife.

Monsieur Victor Bourdon was remunerated—very liberally—for his services, and was told to hold his tongue. He departed for Canada soon afterwards, in the interests of the patent mustard, and never reappeared in the neighborhood of Toldale Priory.

Eleanor insisted on giving up Woodlands for the use of Mr. Darrell, his wife and mother. Signora Picirillo lived with her nephew and his merry little wife in the pretty house at Brixton, but she paid very frequent visits to Toldale Priory, sometimes accompanied by Richard and Mrs. Richard, sometimes alone. Matrimony had had a very good effect upon the outward seeming of the scene painter, for his young wife initiated him in the luxury of shirt buttons, as contrasted with pins, to say nothing of the delights of a shower bath and a pair of ivory backed hair-brushes, presented by Eleanor as a birthday present to her old friend. Richard at first suggested that the ivory-backed brushes should be used as chimney-ornaments in the Brixton drawing-room; but after wards submitted to the popular view of the subject, and brushed his hair. Major and Mrs. Lennard were also visitors at Toldale, and Laura knew the happiness of paternal and maternal love—the paternal affection evincing itself in the presentation of a great deal of frivolous jewellery, purchased upon credit, the maternal devotion displaying itself in a wild admiration of Launcelot Darrell's son and heir, a pink-faced baby, who made his appearance in the year 1861, and who looked very much better than the "Dying Gladiator," exhibited by Mr. Darrell in the same year. Little children's voices sounded by-and-by in the shady pathways of the old-fashioned Priory garden, and in all Berkshire there was not a happier woman than Gilbert Monckton's beautiful young wife.

And after all, Eleanor's Victory was a proper womanly conquest, and not a stern, classical vengeance. The tender woman's heart triumphed over the girl's rash vow, and poor George Vane's enemy was left to the only Judge whose judgments are always righteous.

#### THE END.

**THE WOLLENHAUPT MEMORIAL CONCERT.**—This glorious testimonial to the genius and moral worth of the late Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, given by the musical and literary celebrities of New York, takes place at Irving Hall, on Wednesday evening next, the 14th of November. The programme will be one of rare interest, for it embraces the first talent in the city, Mrs. Louise Keillogg sings two arias; and a new, and report says, a very fine tenor, Signor Buonadimmi, will sing for the first time in America. There will be a galaxy of pianoforte stars, Gottschalk, Miller, Pattison, Heller and Mason. The four Thomas and the Mason and Thomas Quartette will assist, and also the celebrated Liederkreis Society. Bruno Wollenhaupt, at the urgent request of all his friends, will perform a "Requie" on the violin. The interest in this Memorial Concert is universal, for every one who knew Hermann A. Wollenhaupt or came within the circle of his influence was his friend.

ALL of our people owe allegiance to the Government, but with some of them it is like other debts they owe—they'll never pay it.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION.** November, 1863.

This number shows great superiority to all other fashion magazines, the number and usefulness of the fashion department, as well as the superior plan of colored fashions, the large folding pages and many other illustrations of dresses, in whole or in part, with the full-sized patterns for cutting, as in the literary department.

The capital story of the "Scold's Door," by Mrs. De Laun, and "John Macchioni's Legacy," are contained in a very entertaining article on "Games at Cards for Winter Evenings," a very amusing story, "The — in the Closet," and another, "How our Grandmother Stopped the Thief," with an interesting illustrated account of recent discoveries at Pompeii; articles on Amber, on Gloves, on the Pompadour; illustrated papers on the new and Burrows's Ovals, for the chief articles.

This magazine is unique in presenting to its readers well-executed copies, on wood, of great paintings or engravings. Of such illustrations this number contains "Chrysie Corday's Toilette for Death," from the original painting by E. M. Ward, of the Royal Academy; "Avery string," a charming composition, simply entitled "The story of a Pharoese of a Nun."

**PETER CARRADINE; OR, THE MARTINDALE PASTORAL.** By CAROLINE CHESBRO. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Miss Chesbro is really one of our greatest writers, and in the present moment American readers are led away by the brilliant and emotional peaks of popular English writers, they will at last give full credit to genius at home. Her plots are well arranged, her books have an object, her delineations of character finely drawn.

Of the present work, it has well been said: "In 'Peter Carradine' we have a well-conceived plan, moving forward to its fulfilment with an ease that betokens the practiced writer; touches of inimitable pathos; here and there strokes of the quaint humor so familiar to this lady's works, and underneath, upholding and pervading the whole, the throbbings of a heart that is a fit mate for the active brain."

**THE LESLIE STORIES.—NEVER GIVE UP; OR, THE NEWSBOYS.** By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Graves & Young; New York: Sheldon & Co.

The decided improvement in books for the young is one of the striking characteristics of our day. Stories of real life, of boyish and girlish struggles, amid the scenes that the young readers know at once, interest and form the mind of the readers. The "Bobbin-Boy" and a host of other stories will be juvenile classics. Among these the present will take a high stand. "Never Give Up" will be a favorite, and many a boy will devour this book with avidity. It will circulate widely.

**THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA; OR, INCIDENTS AND SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELDS AND IN RICHMOND.** By Rev. J. J. MARKS, D.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863, 12mo., 441 pp.

Several works illustrative of this great campaign have already appeared, and the interest attached to it will always invest it with a charm to all Americans who read. At this moment a fine prize alone apparently prevents the temporary rulers of the land from admitting his fatal error in recalling McClellan from the Peninsula. Dr. Marks gives in this volume a most interesting picture of his connection with the great army. It is really new and readers need not fear that they will find no new and accurate record of the war. His descriptions are his own, and the great moral life of the army, best seen by an army chaplain, enables him to describe from a standpoint well adapted to catch and see its workings. The military operations he narrates graphically, with all the impartial justice of a high-minded and educated clergyman.

**ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.** Written and Compiled by an Officer. 8vo., 700 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863.

This is by far the finest work on any distinct operation of the war or corps of the army that we have seen, and has been produced in a style characteristic of the publishing house that presents it to the public. For that army which Rosecrans has so long and so ably commanded it is a complete history, and record, with an accurate and elegant map of the battle field of Stone river. But this is not all. To elucidate a little more its history, complete biographical sketches are given of Generals Rosecrans, Thomas, McCook, Rosecrans, Negley, Palmer, Sheridan, Johnson, Davis, Van Cleve, Morton, Stanley, Carlin, Sili, Hazen, and of the officers of the several staffs, as well as of several other eminent officers living and dead. Many fine portraits, 73 we believe, illustrate the portion of the work, making a military gallery of that army. Besides this, successive chapters describe fully the various departments of the army.

"The Dying at Headquarters" is a true picture of daily army life. The reader will get a clear idea of the vastness of army cost in the sketch of the Quartermaster's department, as also in that of the Commissary and Provost-Marshal. The number and cost of horses, of rations, the wear and tear of army life, the thousand daily troubles and ills to be overcome, all is here brought home to the family fireside. The article sketch gives the number of cannon, their varieties, the origin of their names. The police system of our army and its results are pictured fully, and accurate names, places and dates being given. Such a remarkable history has never before been published in this country, and this portion will ever form one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the war. The adventures of the detectives and scouts are as exciting as the most sensational novel. The majority of the anecdotes and reminiscences are fresh. But very few of them (less than a dozen) have been published, and those only in local papers and in a mutilated form.

The author, who bears every mark of the true officer, writes purely and impartially, rising above all party distinctions, and filled on every page with a noble patriotic feeling. We heartily commend the book to our readers.

**OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.**—We call their attention to E. & H. T. Anthony's liberal offer on our outside page. Their Albums are much superior to the French in elegance and durability. We are under frequent obligations to the excellent established house for the excellent portraits of our Generals that appear in our paper.

**HISTORY** tells us that in 1777 twenty traitors were arrested in Philadelphia for treason—some against and comfort to the cause of our country. A writ of habeas corpus was issued and entirely disregarded by the officer who brought them in charge. This action had the sanction of George Washington, "Father of our Country," and the defender of our Constitution.

**WOMAN.**—A mother cherishes and corrects us; a sister consults and counsels us; a sweetheart, coquette and charms us; a wife comforts and excites us; without her what would become of us?

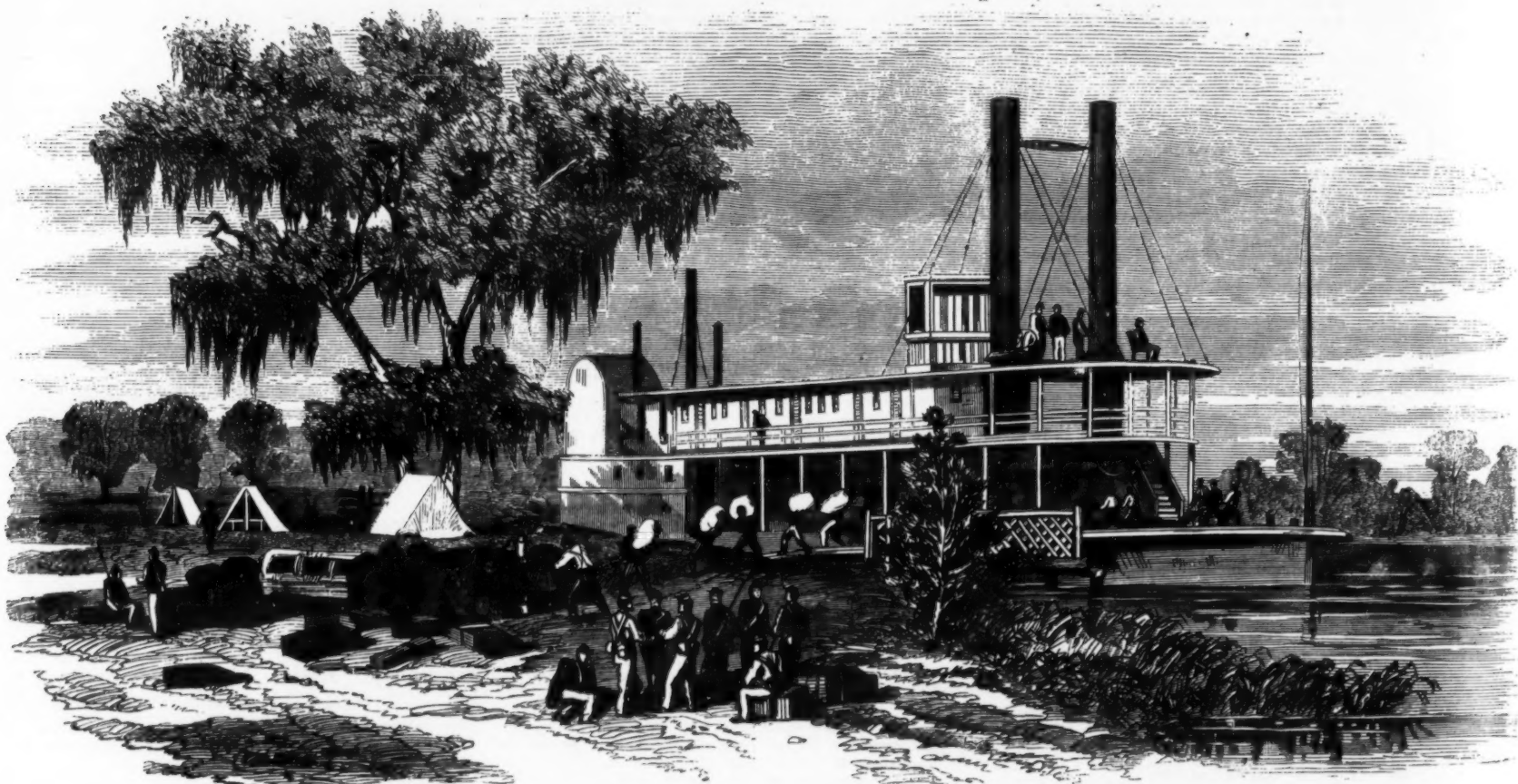
A PERSON who could better preach of patience than practice it was always irritated when he found his grandchild in his way. One day, one of these little children was standing by the mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Mamma, I don't want to go to heaven."  
"Don't want to go to heaven, my son?"  
"No, mamma, I'm sure I don't."  
"Why not, my son?"  
"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"  
"Why, yes, I hope he will."  
"Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come sailing along, and say: 'Whew, whew! what are these boys here for? I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there.'"





THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE 3RD ENGINEERS (CORPS D'AFRIQUE), COL. G. D. ROBINSON, REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS FROM THE BAYOU TICHE, AT CORNIE'S BRIDGE, SEPT. 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER A. G. BROWN AT TALLEYTON PLANTATION, BAYOU TICHE, WITH SUPPLIES FOR GEN. WEITZEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

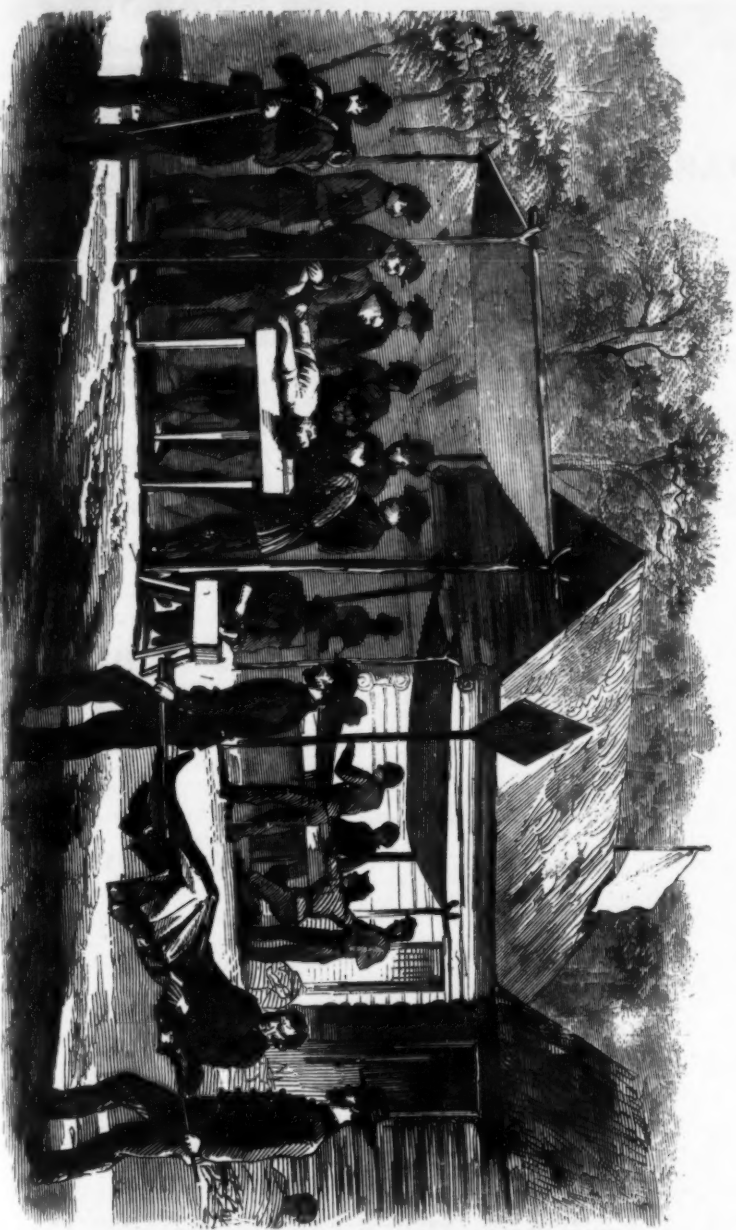


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